

Red vs Blue reboot Freelancers

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Summary: After the events of RvB Reboot, Agent Washington arrives at Blood Gulch with a top secret mission. What he finds there only adds to the mystery he is trying to unravel, and the events that follow after add even more so...

1. Chapter 1

It was an interesting case for the Freelancer designated Agent Washington. Red, and Blue

outpost of Valhalla had suddenly stopped responding to transmissions. Given that they weren't

properly trained soldiers this wasn't to surprising at the time... But what the inspection team had

returned with was. A squad of soldiers had been dispatched to investigate, and what they found

they ironically had not been expecting... A war zone. Communication towers, vehicles, supplies,

weapons, soldiers...

All of them had been demolished except one Red troop found huddling in the caves. His

debriefing was gratefully enlightening. After a ship had crashed the resident Blues had gotten to it

first. After a while nothing happened aside from both armies scabbing materials from the ship

when the other had it's back turned. And then it happened. Something destroyed their

communication towers beyond repair, and naturally each side blamed the other. During the

resulting firefight missiles had rained down on them, destroying half of the soldiers before their

Enemy had shown himself. It was Maine, no doubt. A Spartan with exceptional strength, and a

Brute Shot had wiped out all but the remaining soldier. From the reports Maine had been

searching for something. Whatever it was, he didn't find it before the inspection team had

arrived. Six men had died to bring the survivor, and this Intel to the Director. Luckily the

Freelancers had better equipment than Maine. They found that the Recovery Beacon Maine had

been tracking had been moved. Washington is now en route to investigate its point of

origin. Red/Blue outpost: Blood Gulch.

" This is recovery one, Command, do you copy?" A soldier in gray armor with yellow accents

stops in the middle of the infamous canyon.

/"Recovery One, this is Base, I read you loud and clear"/

" Affinitive, I've arrived at Blood Gulch outpost Alpha."

/"Tread lightly Wash, the resident soldiers here in the other sectors are... Unpredictable."/

" Understood." Washington walks over to blue base," Command, this place looks deserted.

Are you sure this ia the right place?"

/"Affirmative, our records show there should be one soldier residing in each base."/

Suddenly there's the rev of an engine in the distance... And Mexican music?

" Copy that, I'll report In when I'm finished." He turns at the music and raises a eyebrow," What

the hell?..."

On the other side of the canyon Simmons rides the Ghost as Sister drives the Warthog with

Lopez in the gunner position. In a daring move he leaps off a hill like a ramp, firing a homing

rocket at the jeep. Washington walks up the hill and sighs, " Oh boy..." Lopez uses the turret to

blast the rocket out of the air, and after the explosion clears both vehicles stop.

Simmons calls, "Great job you two! Sister, Griff would be jealous of what a great Assault Driver you've become. And Lopez you're still a crack shot with anything, huh?"

" Yes, a least now I have a body to use to shoot it now."

Washington cautiously walks a little closer, " Hello?!"

Simmons glances at Wash, and notes his gray armor that labels him as Special Enforcer.

"...Yeah , thank goodness for the small mercies, eh Lopez. Hey stranger, welcome to Blood

Gulch. I'm Simmons."He steps out of the Ghost , and Wash can see clearly just how much

firepower this guy is packing. One rocket launcher, and assault rifle are attar he's to his back. On

his hip he has the standard Magnum pistol, and on the other he wears what looks like the handle

of a Covenant Energy Sword with a burn across it.

" I'm Agent Washington. I'm here to investigate a recovery beacon."

Simmons glances at the others. Agent? Named after a state? Freelancer."Sorry Agent

Washington," Simmons says. "We don't know anything about beacons of any kind. Anything we

might know that could help?"

" Yes, the becan belonged to Agent Wyoming, he died here and somebody took his becan,

and I need to know where that is along with his equipment. He died here, and your the only ones

here, unless there's someone else to talk too?"

Simmons nods, "Yeah there was a Freelancer here some months ago named Wyoming. He

got killed by other Freelancers who took his helmet onto a ship, and left. Oh, and his AI thing got

into a tank that got destroyed."

" And who where those Agents?"

Simmons's fists curl slightly, "They didn't give their names."

Wash stares at him and studies his body language, "Your lieing. It's crushel that I find thst

becan before some one else does."

Simmons narrows his eyes behind his visor. "...Follow me Agent Washington." Simmons

starts walking into the canyon. Wash follows him, his grip on his rifle tightens slightly.

"... Their names were Avaline, Kate, and Allison." Simmons finally says. "And they did more for

the soldiers stationed here than you could possibly imagine."Over one last hill the four

gravestones come into view. They've changed a bit, in the respect new engravings have been

added. For the Freelancers there is an engraving of the state they each represented, and on

Junior's is a carving of a Plasma Sword.

Wash takes this in and sighs, " And how did they die?"

"I just want to know one thing Washington." Simmons looks over his shoulder, "When you found the bodies, were they laid to rest properly?"

"No bodies were found. Not even their beacons were. Or the ship."

"...They took Wyoming's helmet onto their ship, and it exploded shortly after they entered the

atmosphere," Simmons says evenly.

" You said they're Freelancers, each one has a recovery becan, those are basically

indestructible. That is if no one disables it. Now, do you know what kind of equipment they had?"

Wash says, he has suspensions of what really happened.

Simmons shakes his head, "No, they told us that every Freelancer had an AI, and equipment,

but they said the less we knew the safer we were. One of them we saw though, the black one

we called Tex. she turned invisible a lot."

Wash snaps his head up, " Tex?! She was here?! And the other two did they have A.I.?"

Simmons turns, "You knew her? Well... Anyhow no, I don't think the other two had AI, probably

why we never saw their equipment in action."

" Alright...Is there anyone else I can talk to that was here when they were?"

Simmons nods, "Yeah a few months ago they started spreading out our teammates. Sister,

and Lopez weren't relocated..." He looks at Winchester's grave, "...And I lost too much to leave."

" Do you know where they we relocated at?" Wash asks, he notes the glance at the grave.

"Yeah... One of the Freelancers managed to get us to stop fighting long enough... To actually

be friends. Hell, we had a fucking potluck."

" Where are they?"

"Lopez has them on file... You can read Spanish right?"

" No, but I'll get them translated."

Later on as Washington leaves Simmons says, "Hear that Church? No bodies..."

Church appears," Yeah...And I remember Argent talking to Win about their homing beacons, a

blast like that wouldn't destroy them...So its quite possible..."

"They might not be missing in action after all," Simmons reasons as he starts walking back

for the base. "But if that's the case, and they haven't come back here then they must still be

dealing with Maine."

Church shivers," I only saw that dude once and he still scares the shit outta me..."

"But maybe we can help," Simmons says. "We've been training hard, and I've got the use of this equipment down pat now. You won't even have to show yourself."

" I know but, where would we even start to look?" Church says thoughtfully

"Well if they found the beacon then Maine probably did too. If we follow Washington we find

Maine. We find Maine, we find the others. Church... It's time to round up the old team again."

" Booya!" Church cheers," But we'll have to find before Agent Washington...Right? "

"No worries," Simmons says. "Now all we have to do is find a way to follow him... Or anticipate

where he's going. Who would he go to for reliable information?"

" Well I was looking though the radio waves and I heard him talking to command, something

about recovery one." Church says.

"Sounds like a codename, probably Washington," Simmons says as Church plays the

message conversation for him. "SISTER! LOPEZ! Saddle up, we're on a mission!"

"Where are we going?"Lopez asks as he climbs on the torrent again.

" AMESOME!" Sister cheers and climbs in the drivers seat of the Warthog.

Simmons gets in the Ghost, "Church, can you figure out from the transmissions where Washington is going?"

" Yeah, let me take a crack..." He disappears, then a minute later he reappears," Alright, I

programmed the directions in the vehicles. So we're good."

Simmons nods as he starts up the Ghost, "I've been thinking for a while now, we should come

up with a name for our platoon."

" Good Idea...We're kinda like a fire team right?" Simmons nods, "Right... Fire Team

Accession, move out."

Sister start the jeep and drives out of the canyon mom. Church hums. " Sound I put on som

we tunes?"

"Sure, just keep it low, and proximity sensors high," Simmons says. "We can't be spotted.

Lopez I want you watching our six. Lead the way Church."Simmons guns the engine of the

Ghost as they head for the tunnels...

...

Wash walks up to a small training base," Well, this looks like the place..." he walks inside and

walks up to a random soldier, "Excuse me, I need to talk to who's ever in charge."

The Red soldier turns, "Well it's about damn time Command sent someone, but you're too late. The situation is being taken care of."

"Huh?! What are you talking about?" Wash asks, a puzzled look plastered on his face behind his

visor.

"The traitors," the soldier responds. "Private Caboose, and Sergeant Sarge are facing the

firing squad for sabotage, and treason."

"Well I need to talk to them. They have information I need."

"Well... Alright I guess we hold off for a few minutes." The soldier radios in Washington's

presence as he leads him into the base. Wash can't shake the feeling he's being watched. He

looks over his shoulder with narrowed eyes, before he resumes walking with the soldier.

Up ahead a voice with a southern accent says, "So now you see, without following proper

procedure you can't put me, your superior officer, at the mercy of The Squad, otherwise you'll all

be court marshaled! So until someone from Command comes to confirm my guilt "

Wash walks in, "Stand down, I'll take it from here."

"Dag Nabbit! How you Command fellers are never around when we want you, and always show

up when we DON'T?!" Sarge turns to Washington, and looks him over.

"I'm from Command, I need to ask you a few questions about a recovery began in Blood

Gulch."

"The what? And just who are you anyways?"

"Agent Washington, There were four freelancers there, one was killed. And the other three took

his recovery correct? "

"Yeah, pretty much," Sarge says. "But, uh..." He looks around, "Anything more than that, and

I'll need some help here. Caboose was helping me work on a busted up jeep... That exploded...

And then ran over a guy..."

" I don't Never mind, anyway. Do you have any idea where they might have gone with it?"

Wash asks.

"Well they said they were leaving to keep us safe. Apparently if they had stayed something would

have killed us all... You know, after I learned she was a Freelancer I didn't trust Winchester

much, but..." He bows his head with a sigh. "She was a good soldier."

" And they died by a ship blowing up, correct? "

"Yup! ...No how about that assist?"

Wash sighs," Fine, but only if you come with me...There's someone else who want to askquestions."

"Sure, just uh... Hey, one of you guys go untie Caboose in the brig so we can leave!"

" I'll do it!" A young solider runs in to a near bye room.A few seaconds go by before a gunshot

goes off," AHHHHHHHHH!"

"Ops, sorry!" Caboose runs out of the room and up to them," Hello!"

Sarge nods, "Great news Caboose, we're blowing this Popsicle stand!"

" Okay...But I will miss it, They play extreme hide and seek! They tied me to a chair in a dark

room and I had to find them!" Caboose say happily dispite shooting a solider less that a minute

ago.

Wash stares at him, then turns around, " Just...follow me."

"Hey Caboose, curious, did the soldier who got shot just now get shot in the back?"

" Yeah...But we don't think it was anyone fault."

"Shot himself in the back, right?" Sarge nods like this is normal.

"So Agent Washington, where

are we headed to next?" Though none of them notices a shadow twitches

as they pass it. Once

they're gone Agent Maine steps out, his armor all black except for the visor on his helmet. The

coloring morphs to white with orange highlights as he glances in the direction they went, and

then heads back towards the red base...

...

Simmons stops the Ghost, "Whoa guys, Church says Wash is leaving again."

"Where is he going this time?" Lopez turns on the torrent.

"And it looks like he took Caboose and Sarge with him." Sister points out.

Simmons nods, "Yeah, looks like he's doing the hard work for us. Church, any sign of Maine,

or our girls yet?"

"No sign of the girls...But Maine's signal is close by."

Sister looks over, "How did you get that?"

"When Winchester and I first encounter him. Apparently he has a lot of unstandard

equipment, but he doesn't have the A.I. or power to run all of it."

"I thought you said this guy took A.I. Off the Freelancers he kills." Lopez says

"He does," Simmons replies. "And the fact that he isn't turning invisible, teleporting, or just going wherever he please with bullets bouncing off him confirms what Washington said... Tex, Argent,

and Win weren't on that ship."

"So they're still alive?!" Lopez sounded...Happy?

Simmons nods, "A good chance. They probably left the beacon on the ship so Maine would

follow it wherever it crashed down... But then where are THEY?"

"I'm not sure, but let's focus on getting the team together. Next is Griff right?" Church says

Simmons nods, "Yeah, he's the next closest. Tucker, and Donut were sent someplace in the

desert I think."

" Alright, then lets go."Church says and disappears.

Quietly," Simmons says to Sister who gives him a thumbs up.

Lopez hops back on the torrent. Simmons drives more carefully now.
"Church, see if you can

patch me in to a private line to Sarge."

" Sure,...Sarge, come in, this Church, we're on a secure channel. Do you copy?" Church

flashes a dark blue.

"Huh? What about a Church?"

Simmons says, "Sarge, this is Simmons, don't say anything. We are following you, the danger

that the Freelancers left to protect us from is following Agent Washington."

"Ahem..." Sarge clears his throat, "Why you are absolutely right Agent Washington! Nobody

said anything! It must be the sun getting to me after all that time underground."

Church sighs." Great. Well at lest he knows now. "

Simmons nods, "We got your back Sarge, over and out."

...

Later the warthog driven by Agent Washington pulls up in front of a ruined base."Griff is based

here?" Sarge looks around from his Turret position, "What a moldy sandwitch, and why am I not

surprised?"

" Yes, now come on" Wash jumps out of the drivers seat.

Sarge hops out, and looks over his shoulder, glancing at the cliff faces.

Caboose hops out," What now Agent Washingtub?"

" Now we find your other friend." Wash says and starting walking twords the base."Probably having a nap someplace... Or doing things I don't even wanna think about!"

Caboose runs up to tje base," Griff!"

" Huh? Caboose, Sarge? Is that you?!" Griff runs out of a cornor with a sniper rifle.

Sarge nods, "Damn straight son, and we need your help! 'Never thought I'd be ask you for

help...' You see, it's about "

He was interrupted by a sniper shot. Wash dives behind a rock, "Sarge! Get down!"

" Damnit!" Griff curses as he shoots again but misses

"Griff you lousy Blue! What did I ever do to you?!"

" Go away!" Griff yells and takes another shot, " Fuck! I missed!"

"Can't!" Sarge shouts over the rock he's hiding behind, "They found the ship!"

Griff freezes, " Really?!"

"Griff, would I lie to you about THEM?! This fella in black is Agent Washington. Say hi Wash!"

Wash steps out from behind his rock. Griff lowers his weapon, "Alright, I'll be down in a minute. "

Sarge lets out a relieved breath, and follows Wash. Then, He checks the cliffs around them

again,

"Wash... You ever get that feeling that you're being watched?"

" Yes, keep alert, I've felt it when I arrived at Blood Gulch." Wash says and switches to his battle

rifle. Sarge turns his head slightly when Simmons speaks into his helmet,

"Sarge, we've got someone in purple armor watching you on you eight o'clock. It's not Maine,

but..."Sarge whirls, his gun pointed, "Alright dirtbag, I know you're there! Come out before things

get ugly!"

Wash slowly turns and narrows his eyes as he raises his weapon. "Not bad... For a Red," a

female calls as she steps into sight. She wears light purple armor, and walks out with her hands

up, and pistol hanging by the trigger guard on her thumb.

Wash leaves his rifle at her, " What are you doing here South?"

"Following you," Agent South Dakota replies as she slowly walks towards them. "After our...

Disagreement the last time we worked together the Director was pretty

pissed at me. I figured if I

took out The Meta then I'd be in the clear. Saving your ass would just leave us even."

Sarge tilts his head, "The Meta?"

"Its what Maine calls himself." Wash explains, he lowers his weapon," If your here, then your

going to make yourself useful."

South puts her weapon on her hip, "Alright Wash, fair enough."A green AI appears beside her,

"Warning, on your six."South turns, and slams a fist into the ground, sending a protective dome

of hexagons over them just as something explodes against the barrier. From some trees strides

Maine, reloading his weapon.

Up above on a cliff Simmons mentally turns to Church, "I'm guessing that's him?"

Church swallows heavily," Yep."

"Keep it cool Church," Simmons says. "Beta team, GO!" The Meta pauses, and looks over his

shoulder as Sister drives a Warthog at him full speed. He rolls out of the way once he sees

Lopez in the gunner position, and takes cover behind a rock.

Sarge whoops, "Lopez you old rascal it's good to see you again!"

South looks to Wash, "Who the hell are THESE yahoos?!"

Lopez opens fire on him. Wash snaps his head to Simmons," What the hell are you doing

here?!"

"Finishing personal business," Simmons calls from the cliff top as he locks on to Maine. "FIRE

IN THE HOLE!"Maine looks up as he rocket comes down, and he takes it out with a shot from

the pistol on his hip. Then he runs sideways from his shelter, firing a rocket from his Brute Shot.

Sister bails seconds before the Warthog is rises into a kneel, "Lopez, are you okay?!"

"Yes." Lopez stands from where he jumped off at the last second. Wash shoots at Maine

and throws a grenade.

"Shit!" South cringes, but the shield opens just in time to let these weapons out. South heaves

a relieved sigh, "Thanks Delta."

"You're welcome," the green AI replies. Maine dodges Wash's attacks, lifting the flaming

Warthog over his head, and throwing it at the shield. Griff takes a couple of sniper shots at Maine

then reloads. The Meta blocks the shots with the blade on the bottom of his Brute Shot, and

returns fire at Griff... Only to chest shot in the chest by his own rounds. Simmons now stands on

the ground between Griff, and Maine, having used his Time Warp equipment to freeze time while

he climbed down, and turned he rocket around. As Maine gets to his feet Simmons tosses his

rocket launcher to the side, and draws his battle rifle. "Alright," Simmons says coolly. "My turn..."

Sarge takes a step back, "Simmons, since when are you gun ho?"

"Yeah dude when did you become a badass?!" Griff exclaims. Simmons ignore him, and

charges Maine, shooting. Maine blocks with his gun as he rushes forward, and clotheslines

Simmons with an arm. Simmons backs up time a few seconds to roll under this swing, and break his rifle over Maine's head.

Sarge calls, "Got any more bright ideas?"

"I've got a few," Simmons replies, drawing his energy sword, and Magnum.

Wash reloads his weapon, "Sarge, flank right, I'll take the left!"

"Got it!" Sarge does as he's told as Simmons goes into a melee with Meta. Every time Meta

lands a bit Simmons backs up time by two seconds so he can dodge it, and Maine is careful to

avoid the Energy sword. Wash fires at Maine, and is carefull not to hit Simmons. Maine ducks

under a bullet that Simmons deflects with his sword. That same bullet rips into Maine's thigh.

This time Maine backhands a fist into Simmons's helmet, sending him sprawling, too dazed to

activate his equipment. Sarge fires his shotgun that catches Maine in the back. Unfortunately that

is where his armor is thickest so all this does is piss Maine off even more. He grabs the

remnants of the Warthog by its tow hooks, and throws it at agent Washington.

Wash ducks under the hooks and throws a plasma grenade. Up in the cliffs a figure glitters.

South dives out of the way of the jeep. "Screw this, I'm outa here!"

Sister watches South running off, and mutters. "That bitch... Caboose!"

Caboose is suddenly beside her, "Hello!"

"Hey buddy, see that bitch in the purple armor? She's on our side, and you should totally help her

"

"Okay!" He stands from his rock and shoots her in the back.

South topples over, "SON OF A BITCH!"

"Warning: Friendly Fire," Delta informs her moments after being shot.

Caboose crouches back behind the rocks, "Okay, I helped." Wash dives behind the same rock

moments before almost being blown up.

"I hate that stupid South," Sister tells him. Sarge calls over from behind another rock as Maine

throws a grenade between their shelters, "Wash, got any fancy Freelancer ticks up your sleeve?

We've just about exhausted ours."

Wash nods, "What do you mean by 'Just about'?!"

"Well if you can give me cover fire I can get parts off that Warthog to build a bomb powerful

enough to bring this whole canyon down on the Meta!"

"How about only big enough to block off the canyon?" Wash fires his rifle, but after a minute it clicks, "Damn it! I'm out!"

The Meta blasts a rocket at his rock, and then pauses to reload.

Maine is suddenly sent flying with a unseen force, and as he skids to a stop two sniper rounds

nail him in the shoulder and arm. Sarge peeks over the rock, "Wait a minute! I know that

marksmanship anywhere..."

The Meta gets to his feet, looking around for the attacker as he holds his arm. Where Maine

was once standing A figure in familiar gray armor appears holding a modified sniper rifle.

Sister jumps to her feet, "Winchester!"

Sarge chuckles, "Wash, our troubles are solved! Say hello to Avaline Winchester, aka Agent

Alaska. Or have you two met?"

Wash shakes his head and switches to his pistol.

Maine snarls at her, and hefts a boulder, throwing it at Winchester. She slides under it and runs

at him. Wash turns to Sarge, "Hurry and get that bomb built, me and her will keep him occupied.

"

"Sure, just gimme an hour or so!" He starts sprinting for the broken jeep. Wash nods and

jumps over a rick to join the fight. Winchester ducks under a punch and knees Maine in the

stomach. He snarls, and bashes a fist across her face, sending her rolling as he turns to face

Wash. Wash raises his pistol and fires at him. Maine ducks, firing a rocket at the ground

between them, sending both freelancers flying. Coming to terms with the fact he's outmatched at

the moment, he spots the Mongoose South used to get here, and runs for it. Sister shoots at him

with her magnum, but is obviously a better driver than a shooter as the Meta makes a getaway.

Wash stands to chase after him but Winchester holds him back,

"Don't, we don't have the fire power to deal with him right now."

"One healthy heaping of firepower coming up!" Sarge runs out with a bomb the size of a

bowling ball, and throws it at the cliff wall.

He glances around, "Hey... where did The Meta go?"

Sister holds on to Lopez as the bomb sails, "Oh Fuck!"

Winchester growls, "Quit throwing huge bomb when we're in range!" She dives behind a rock

along with Wash.

...Thunk!

The bomb bounces on the rocks a few times before rolling to a stop by Sarge's feet. "...Huh,

must be a dud." Winchester stands and puts her rifle on her back, she turns to the others. Sister almost

tackles her with a hug, "Win! You're okay!"

Sarge walks over, "You missed your funeral, we had a twenty gun salute, and everything after

Simmons gave his stirring eulogy."

Winchester pats Sisters back, "Well sorry I wasn't at my own funeral. And where is

Simmons? And Griff? And the others?"

Sarge looks around, "Well I don't know if you saw, but Simmons was kicking some serious

Meta Ass! He got kinda obsessed with it after you left. And Griff... Wouldn't surprise me any if he

just decided to go find a snack while we all got killed."

Simmons groans, and slowly gets to his feet. "I knew he was supposed to be strong, but you

never said he was THAT strong Church."

Winchester shakes her head, "Well I know how to get his attention" she turns towards the

base, "HEY GRIFF! YOU SUCK WITH A SNIPER RIFLE! YOU DONT DESEVER TO HOLD

ONE!"

Griff runs into sight, "Win?! You are alive!"

Simmons looks up, "...Avaline...?"

Winchester looks up at him and waves, "Told you I'd be back " Simmons takes off his helmet,

and starts into her direction. Then he breaks into a run, wrapping his arms around her, he hugs

her tightly. "I missed you..."

Winchester hugs back and smiles behind her helmet, " I missed you too." Simmons takes a

step back, and lifts off her helmet so he can see her face. He blinks tears back a few times

before he kisses her. Winchester smiles into it and hugs him tighter. Caboose runs up to them

and waits for the couple to finishes so he can tackle hug Winchester. Sarge nods with a sigh,

"Yup, just like old times..."

Wash clears his throat," So your Agent Alaska? Your one of the freelancers that took Agent

Wyoming's becan?"

Winchester pulls away from Simmons and turns to face Wash," That is correct. "

Sister walks up, "So what happened up there? We thought you were goners for sure!"

2. Chapter 2

-FLASHBACK!-

/Nine Months Ago/

Argent holds Junior up so he can see out the window, "Wave to Daddy!"

" Blargh!" He waves then clings to her. The ship lifts up off the ground.

" Hey! Its you guys again!" A voice says from the corner.

Argent turns, looking down, "A talking bomb...? Neat!"

" See? Now that's a greeting!" Andy says happily," If I could hug you I would!"

Up front, Winchester plugs a cable in her armor," Alright...Lets hope this works..."

Argent sets Junior down, and lifts Andy. "Wow, you're pretty sturdy! Do you work out?"

" Yeah, I start out with push ups. You know how hard it is to keep this figure? Not easy I tell you! Not easy!"

"I totally get what you mean! I'm Kate by the way, but my friends

call me Argent, or Ten depending on who they are."

" I'm Andy. Oh, and if you see Tucker, set me down so I can blow his ass up for leaving me in as swap!"

"A swamp?!" Argent hugs him, "Oh you poor thing..."

Tex walks over, "Who are you- Andy?!"

" Hey! Look its Tex! AKA Bitch-pants Mccrabby!" Andy chuckles.

"What are you doing here?!"

Argent looks up, "You guys know each other?"

" Yeah, she's the one who built me." Andy explains.

"So... She's your mommy?"

Tex shudders, "Argent, it's sweet how you try to personify everything, and make it all one big happy family, but no. Just no."

" HAAAAHA! That's fucking hilarious! " Andy laughs.

"Hey," Tex snaps at him. "That would make you a son of a bitch, now wouldn't it?"

" Burn." Winchester laughs from the front.

" Ah, whatever...Shishio." Andy mutters.

" Alright, is everyone ready to jump?" Winchester asks.

"Don't bother," Omega says. "My minions ripped out your jump drive before deploying Andy here as a failsafe. If I can't win, then nobody does! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Winchester growls, " Argent get up here I have a idea."

"Okay! Tex keep an eye on Junior please." She carries Andy to the cockpit.

" Is there a way for you to turn Andy into a A.I.? I'm thinking if I connect the ships engines to my armor I can use it to teleport us."

"Okay! How about it Andy? Wanna run some badass equipment instead of committing suicide?"

" I guess." Andy sighs.

"Aw come on Andy, it won't be so bad. Tell you what, if Sheila is okay with it you can live in my head, that way you get to be on the front lines of every battle while we takes guys down with my fists, and hammer!"

" Alright, just do it." Andy agrees.

"Great! I'll set your bomb body on a timer so the ship still goes

boom."

.../PRESENT DAY/

The others listen as the story ends. " And apparently after we teleported, me, Argent, Junior, and Tex got separated." Winchester explains.

Simmons nods, "Okay... And it's been that way for almost a year?"

" Yes," Winchester says sadly. She misses Argent, but won't admit it." But at least I found you guys."

Simmons nods, "Yeah, and with any luck if we keep following Wash, and the Meta they'll turn up. Wait, if you can teleport then...?"

" I didn't have a A.I...Well I do but..." Winchester says and picks up her helmet, " You kept Church safe right?"

Simmons nods, "And trained my ass off to make sure it stayed that way." He glances at Wash, unsure of what all is safe to say.

Winchester nods, " Thank you."

Wash walks up, " I'll need to take you in for questioning." He says to Winchester and reaches for her.

Simmons draws his energy sword, the blades on either side of Wash's neck. "Over my dead body..."

Wash narrows his eyes;" Stand down soldier, I'm just following protocol."

"Up Yours," he says firmly.

Sarge blinks, "An insubordinate Simmons, now I've seen everything. Love really will make you do crazy things."

Winchester gently lowers Simmons arm, " I'll go with you. "

Wash nods, " Good, we need to ge-"

" But only if they get to come with me." Winchester says and crosses her arms.

" You can take one person." He challenges.

" No. They all go." She says lowly.

"Don't try to argue with a hell-bent woman," Sarge says. "It's never worth it."

Wash grits his teeth, " Alright, fine they can go, we leave in five."

Sister walks up to Wash, "You know, you're kinda hot! Especially when you're all being a badass..."

" Um..." Wash looks around

Griff grouns, " Quit putting yourself out there!"

"Shut the fuck up Griff, you don't own me."

" I'm just trying to look after you!" Griff argues.

While their arguing Wash creeps away.

Winchester shakes her head, " Nice to know they haven't changed."

"And they never will," Simmons says, and offers her the energy sword. "You must have dropped this before the bomb went off, when the ship went up this along with some debris fell back to Blood Gulch."

Winchester takes it, " But you have." She puts the sword in her hip.

Simmons nods, "I'm no Freelancer, and I sure as hell aren't a Spartan, but we needed someone to stay strong. All I had was your last words to me, and my one task left... Alive, or not, I wasn't going to let you down... ever."

Winchester smiles and hugs and him." Phf! Yeah to bad you can't let her down in more ways than one!" A voice says.

Simmons can feel her growl against him" I'm gonna kill him..." she mutters.

"...Andy is in there, isn't he?"

" Yup." Winchester hisses.

Andy laughs as he appears as a male human dressed in a shirt and pants, " I've been inside your girlfriend more times than you have!"

Simmons glares at him, "Cheeky little... Wait, Aveline, didn't you say Argent offered to put him in her head?"

" Yeah, but guess who's not here." Winchester says.

" Eh, I would rather be here than in her." Andy snarks

"Of course you would you twisted little Bastard," Simmons growls. "You enjoy driving people nuts, don't you?"

" Part of my job description. " Andy shrugs with a smirk. Winchester sighs and picks up her helmet.

Wash walks up, " Already we're leaving, get in the jeeps."

Simmons nods, and calls back, "Ascension, saddle up!" He presses a transponder on his wrist, and his ghost drives up.

Sarge says, "Uh... we're down a jeep. Griff, anything mobile in that base?"

" There another jeep, but it doesn't have a torrent." Griff says.

"That means more room in the back, right?"

" Yeah, so were good." Griff walks back inside the base to get the vehicle.

Simmons gets on the Ghost, "Riding with me Win?"

Winchester nods." Yeah."

Andy snorts," Yeah! Probably that closest thing you're gonna get to one!" Griff hops in the drivers set of one as Wash hops in the other.

Sister gets in the back of Wash's jeep with Lopez, and Caboose.

Simmons spots South on the ground, struggling to get up. "What about her?"

" Put her in the back." Wash says simply.

Winchester climbs on the back of the ghost and wraps her arms around Simmons. Simmons smiles as he puts his helmet back on, and leans over for a minute to grab his rocket launcher. Sister drags South to the jeep, and throws her in the back. Wash starts the jeep and starts moving out of the canyon.

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13 hours later-

Wash slows the jeep until it stops at a grassy field surrounded by trees, and jumps out," We'll stop here for the night. "

Simmons stops the Ghost, "Alright, let's have a look at South, and see how badly Caboose got her."

Winchester hops off. Wash walks to the other side of the jeep," Does anyone have any Bio-foam?"

"Bio What?" Sister tilts her head.

" Its a medical foam that stops bleeding and numbs pain." Wash explains, he pulls Souths helmet off.

The angry blonde glares at him, tightlipped.

" What? Do you wanna bleed out?" Wash drops the helmet.

"You probably waited this long to help hoping I would," she growls.

" Well you're not wrong." Wash says,

"Fuck you Wash..."

" No thanks." He snarks.

Simmons works on reloading his rocket launcher, "Lopez, Sister, Griff, set up a perimeter. I'll join you in a minute."

Sister hops to her feet, grabbing her pistol as she does the requested order, Lopez follow suit. Griff grouns, "I liked you better when you were geeky..."

"Griff, all you have to do is find a tree nearby, turn on your proximity sensor, and take a nap. If something starts coming your way it'll wake you up."

"Oh...Well when you say it like that alright." He shrugs and walks towards the woods.

Sarge nods, "Well how about that, you learned how to give orders!"

Simmons turns to him, "Just gotta know what each person is capable of, and most likely to do."

Winchester nods approvingly and takes her rifle off her back to hold it.

"Ow!" Wash yells as South smacks him, "I'm trying to help! I can't wrap the wound with your damn armor on!"

"Bull, and shit," she snarls. "She's a Freelancer so she knows how to use that shit, Get shot in the nut sack you pervert!"

Wash growls, "Fine, whatever." He stomps away

Simmons follows Winchester to South's side. "Any ideas how we can locate Argent, and Tex?"

South jerks her head to him, "Tex?!"

Winchester nods, "Yes, do you know her?"

"Last time I saw her was when she was on the receiving end of my Missile Pod," South says. "If my stupid brother hadn't stepped in..."

Delta appears, "Normally I would factor South's chances of beating Agent Texas .001 to 1, however that time the odds would have fallen within victory perimeters."

Winchester nods, "I see well maybe one day you will." she takes a knife and cuts out a strip of cloth from the jeeps seats. "Simmons you might want the leave...Girl things..."

He nods, and stands, turning his back to them. "For reference, you think I could possibly live in the same area as Sister for months on end, and not be used to girl stuff by now?"

Winchester unclips South's chest piece and sets it down, "Well I don't think South would appreciate that."

Simmons barks a laugh, "What's she gonna do, spit on me? Besides, what kind of idiot would ogle another girl in front of his

girlfriend?"

South raises an eyebrow at Winchester?

Winchester gives a slight nod and shrugs, "He's not usually like this. And don't be a dick," she says to Simmons, "she can take you down, she's had more training than you have. And chances are I wouldn't stop just for that comment. NEVER underestimate a pissed off chick."

"Easy lesson learned five minutes around Tex," Simmons quips. "And Dick is my first name."

"Whatever." Winchester sighs, she unzips Souths under suit and checks the wound, "Well it looks like it didn't hit any vital organs."

"Lucky me," she monotone.

Winchester wraps the wound as best she can, then zips South under suit back up,

"It's not best but it'll do."

South sighs, "Well... Thanks..."

"No problem." Winchester says and stretches.

Simmons says, "Safe yet?"

"Sure," South says.

Simmons turns, and looks around, "Ascension, check in."

"Clear!" Sister says over the radio.

"Clear." Lopez replies. On Griffs end there snoring

"Got it, Maroon One out," Simmons clicks off his radio. "I'm headed to keep the perimeter secure on Griff's side. If Maine shows up I'll be there."

South rolls her eyes, "Wow..."

Winchester nods, "Very well."

Simmons searches the Warthog, and pulls out another sniper rifle. "If Maine is smart, and he really wants to come at us he'll be looking for a weakness in our defenses. In this case that's Griff, and I can pick him off."

"You can use my rifle, it's twice as powerful as a regular sniper rifle." Winchester offers her sniper rifle.

Simmons nods, and takes it. He gives her a brief hug before walking off. "Rest easy, I don't think he'll be attacking tonight."

Winchester leans against a tree and slowly closes her eyes.

...

A figure in black trudges through the snow of Sidewinder, huddling a small figure to her chest. "Figures THEN that Winry's equipment would fritz... And communications are down, probably something stupid like static buildup... You two still holding up okay?"

" Affirmative. " Sheila replies.

" Blargh." Junior snuggles closer to her.

Argent pats his back, and tries her radio yet again. "This is Kate Argent broadcasting on an open channel, does anyone read me? ...SOS, hello! This is Kate Argent, Freelancer Tennessee, does anyone read me? I have a child with me, and need immediate assistance!"

A high pitched voice answers, " Hello? This is red base."

"Oh thank God! I'm Freelancer Tennessee, I'm stranded in the middle of the frozen plains with now means of transportation. Also I have a child here in need of nourishment."

" Pray to the flag and he will save the child! We are on the west side."

"Thanks, Sheila which way is west? Wait... The flag? Aw crap..."She looks down at Junior, and sighs. She promised Tucker she would look after him...

" To your left, Or where the sun is setting." Sheila replies, Are you alright? You seem...Down."

"We've been out here for nine months Sheila. Sure dad would call that basic survival training, but Junior hasn't eaten in all that time. Good thing his kind are able to go a long time without food, but even an adult Elite would be near their limit now."She turns to the left, and starts to run.

" Well he can feed off one of those idiots. " Sheila says.

"That's what I'm counting on," Argent replies. "Plus they can't die so they're never going to run out of blood. Sound nice Junior?"

" Honk! " he says happily.

"What I thought... Sheila let's use some power, see how good an impression of a snow plough we can do."She had been saving her suit's power for an emergency... This is definitely an emergency. As she activates her equipment snow, and wind is repelled off her as she runs through the knee-deep wasteland.

In front of the red base, all the soldiers gather. Argent runs up, "Oh thanks so much guys... Hey, where are the blue ones?"

" Up on the roof Miss, we're the ones who got your signal." A red soldier says as he steps up.

Argent nods, "Thanks, we were out there for months. You can call me Argent, say hi Junior."

" Honk honk!" Junior waves.

" Awwwww!" All the soldiers say at the same time.

"He hasn't eaten in nine months... Could I talk one of you guys into donating some blood?"

" Uh...I guess?" Every soldier steps back except one.

" Huh?"

Argent takes off her helmet, and gives him puppy eyes, "Pretty please... For my baby?"

" Fine." The soldier sighs.

She gives him a bear hug, "Thank you!"

" Y-y-y-yeah..." he stutters and awkwardly pats her back.

She kisses the cheek plate of his helmet as she walks for the fortress, "I could knock you out if you want. You wouldn't feel a thing, and you'd just be a little woozy when you wake up."

" Yeah, that'd be okay."

"Okay!"

WHAM!

" Ow!" The soldier crumbs to the ground.

" So how does it feed?" One of the soldiers asks.

"He feeds like this," Argent says, removing some of the armor on the soldier's shoulder. Then she loosens her chest plate where she had stowed Junior for warmth, and holds the exposed skin to the aliens mouth. Junior claps down and grabs the arm while slurping up blood quickly.

Argent turns to the other soldiers. "Guys, I need your help. There are people that want to hurt Junior, and I need equipment to contact help."

" Well... we have a long distance radio..." The captain says." Follow me."

"Thanks," she says. "But I promised the father I'd protect Junior with my life. Can we wait a little?"

" I guess." He shrugs.

She stands, leaving Junior on the ground, "I'm Kate by the way. Do you guys have names?"

" Uhhh...Not really." The captain says.

"Aw... I'll have to fix that!"

" Sure ." He says.

"Hm... I think I'll call you Switzerland, because you're nice, and a little aloof!"

" I like it." He nods approvingly.

"And it's awesome because you get a nickname too, Swiss!"

" Thanks! Now how about the rest of the squad?"

Argent faces them, "Okay... Which one of you is the best communications, and tech stuff?"

" I guess that would be me." A short soldier walks up to her.

"Right, your India, also known as Indy!"

" Okie dokie!" Indy says happily.

Argent looks over the last two soldiers, "You guys are twins right? You're Britain, and you're Australia. Otherwise known as Brit, and Aussie!"

" Works for us!" They say at the same time.

"Sweet, now we're all friends right?" She turns in a slow circle to look at them.

" Yes of course!"

"Alright! You almost done Junior?"

" Honk honk!" He licks his lips as he looks up at her.

"Awesomeness," she says while picking him up. "And when he wakes up let's call him... Germany, or Manny for short! Now which way to the motor pool?"

" This way!" Swiss says and turns around to walk away.

"Thanks Swiss! I can't wait to see what you guys have as far as vehicles."

" Well, we do have a purple plane no one can drive."

"Huh? A purple plane?" She follows him into the base, and gawks when she sees it. "No way... A Banshee?! I've been begging my dad for one of these since forever!"

" Uh...You can have it I guess."

She hugs him tightly, "Oh thank you!" After she lets him go she runs to the Banchi, and lays down in the cockpit. She looks over her shoulder as it hisses shut on her, "Comfy Junior?"

" Blargh!"

"Hold on... WHEE!"The Banchi hovers off the ground, and takes off,

flying over the base in circles.

Junior holds on tighter and roars like a kitten trying to meow.
"Having fun?" Argent asks.

" Blargh honk!" He says happily.

Argent laughs, "when you're old enough to fit snugly in the cockpit without me I'll teach you how to fly it."

" Blargh!" He crawls further up front.

Argent wiggles, "Hey! That tickles!"

" Blargh!" He stops to where he's looking over her shoulder.

She giggles as she banks to come in for a landing, "Sheila, things are starting to look up."

" And hopefully they'll stay that way." She replies.

...

Elsewhere, Simmons is in some cover, watching Grif closely, sniper rifle at the ready. He may have gotten better over the months in Blood Gulch, but he's no Freelancer.

Maine knows a setup when he sees it, or rather the AI units in his head do. He looks over their setup, and the Meta plans another way in without alerting the others so quickly. He moves through the trees, closing in on the yellow one silently...

Sister hums as she boredly slide the clip out of her pistol repeatedly. Maine dashes up, and bashes her over the head with an elbow. " Omph!" She falls to the ground unconscious. Maine rushes on, keeping low as he crouches behind the warthog. He turns his armor black as Wash walks by, and he grabs Wash by the throat, head bashing him in the head. Wash grunts and goes limp. Winchester slowly opens her eyes and looks around,

" Washington?"

No reply.

South sleeps fitfully nearby, unaware of death just behind the jeep. Winchester draws her pistol and carefully walks around the jeep. She is promptly greeted by the most powerful fist on the planet.

" Son of a bitch!" She curses as she slams on the ground. Maine jumps on top of her, his Brute Shot raised big to bring down on her. South wakes up at Winchester's shout, and fires a pistol at Maine.

Simmons turns, "Shit! Ascension fall in, Maine got through!"

The Meta hisses in frustration. Winchester takes this chance to punch him in the visor and kick him off. Griff jumps awake and quickly gets to his feet. Meta can feel the others coming so he decides to take the easy way this time. He hurls his Brute shot at the prone Agent South Dakota. "Fuck..." She gurgles as the blade embeds in her chest. Maine runs over, grabbing South, and his weapon before charging into

the night.

Winchester chases after him, weapon raised.

"Aveline WAIT!" Simmons chases after her. Maine whirls, firing his Brute shot with one hand. The round sails over Winchester's shoulder... And into Simmons's chest.

Winchester immediately stops chasing Maine and runs to Simmons side. "Dick!"

He coughs heavily, and Maine growls in satisfaction as he runs off with South Dakota's corpse over his shoulder. Sarge runs over dragging Caboose by his backplate, "SIMMONS!"

Winchester skids on the ground beside him and throws off her helmet, "Church how bad is he hurt?!" Her voice drips with worry.

Church appears over Simmons's chest, and bows his head. "Win... As gently as I can put it he's fucked. That blast damaged his armor's circuitry too, so I can't access Wyoming's equipment either..."

Winchester stares at him, "No, your wrong! He HAS to be okay." Her voice cracks a little at the end, obviously in a state of denial.

Sarge takes one step closer, "I have an idea so crazy... It just... Might... Work... Lopez, get over here! We need your body!"

"Okay." Lopez doesn't hesitate to run over.

"Now we just need so place where we can use Lopez's parts to make Simmons into a cyborg," Sarge says.

Winchester looks around, "What do you need to save him?"

"Well someplace sterile," Sarge replies. "We can't risk infection during this highly sensitive procedure."

Church turns to Griff, "Didn't you say that Argent, and Win have access to their own battle cruiser? There's gotta be medical stuff on there we can use!"

Winchester bites her lip, she turns on her radio, "This is Agent Alaska to the The Indignation, I need immediate evac. I have seriously wounded."

There is a garbled response on the radio, and then..."Queens this is Ace," comes the voice of Carolina. "I read you, and I'm homing in on your coordinates. The Dealer will send pickup as soon as I send the beacon."

"Copy that." Winchester says quickly and gently grabs Simmons' s hand. Simmons's fingers slowly close around hers. She tightens her hold a little more, "Andy, how far away is evac?"

Andy appears next to her, "Eh...About three more minutes. "

Church looks down at Simmons, "Hang in there man..."

Winchester squeezes his hand," Sarge as soon as they get here and we get on that ship you follow me."

Sarge nods, and Church looks up to Winchester. "It really happened after you left," Church tells her. "Him having lost you, and me losing Tex... We sorta bonded I guess. He's my wingman."

" He'll make it." Winchester says, she picks up her helmet as she hears the sound of engines.

Sarge glances over to see if Washington is awake yet. Wash groans and slowly looks up as the pelican lands. Five medics rush out of the back and up to Simmons as Winchester waves them over to where she's standing. Church winks out of sight before he's seen as two of the medics quickly move him to a hover- stretcher, and begin to remove his armor. Winchester steps back to let the medics work. One more medic gets the supplies ready to move slowly gets to his feet and shakes his head a little. Sister mouns slightly as Griff shakes her shoulder.

Sarge helps Wash to his feet, "We lost South... And we might lose Simmons."

" They're both acceptable losses." Wash says bluntly. As soon as he says that he was on the ground again with a knife to his neck,

" The hell there're not!" Winchester snarls as the medics load Simmons on the pelican.

" Alright, everyone on board!"

Suddenly something blue knocks Winchester off Wash. Winchester grunts and glares at the opposing figure. The woman in aqua armor glares back, "Get on the damn aircraft. You too Wash." Winchester growls but complies.

Wash stares at Carolina, " Wha-I thought you were dead!"

Carolina hauls him to his feet, "NOW!"

" Alright!" He follows her, as the rest of the team climbs aboard.

Up in orbit the Righteous Indignation looms. Carolina sends Travis a transmission to let them through, and minutes later they dock. "Get him patched up," Carolina orders to the medics. One of them nods, and starts running as he pushes the hover slab. Carolina puts a hand on Winchester's shoulder, "I need to debrief you, he'll be fine."

Winchester watches them push Simmons away," Yeah...Alright."

Travis walks in, "Washington! Welcome aboard the Righteous Indignation!"

" Georgia?! Okay, what the fuck is going on?!" Wash demands.

"Long story short, as of today you are WAY below The Director's radar," Travis replies. Carolina leads Wash, Win, and Travis into a

private room, and takes off her helmet. "Computer, open communication connection 117, passcode: AvaKate65295."

" Access granted." Files appear on a keeps her helmet on and stands at attention.

Carolina sighs, and says, "Video log 45, the search still goes on. We have located, and retrieved agent Avaline Winchester, a.k.a. agent Alaska, and brought her aboard the Righteous Indignation. The majority of the soldiers from Blood Gulch have accompanied her here, and Agent Washington has also joined us, forced by circumstance... If anyone on the other end is watching as this is recorded then I request to speak with you." Wash looks at the screen with narrowed eyes, He notices Carolina's hands clench a bit as she waits. "...And with all due respect Sir, despite the responsibility you claim to have to your agents, neither have heard from you in years. Agents Georgia, Washington, and Alaska are here with me."

A female voice sounds from the other end," This is Cortana, I read you loud and clear."

Carolina sighs, "So the big man is fast asleep, or just ducking my call?"

" Well I won't say ducking your call...More like to busy. Captain Keys found another Halo ring." Cortana responds.

"I see," Carolina nods. "The UNSC excels at keeping John busy, don't they? Well when it's proper let him know that I still haven't found Tex, or Argent. We have more manpower now though, enough for a good sized Fire Team or two."

" Acknowledged."

Carolina nods, "I'll bring Wash up to speed... But Cortana I need to know. Maine is back, and if we find Argent with the other half of the Beacon I gave them... Will he come if he's needed?"

" Don't worry. We have your back." Cortana says, in the background there a loud explosion.

"Sounds like a party," Carolina says with a grin. "I better let you entertain your guests. Carolina Out." She snaps a salute as the line disconnects.

Wash stares in disbelief," Was that who I think it was?!"

"Yes Wash it was," Carolina says while turning to him. "You may want to sit down while we fill you in."

He sits down and slowly takes off his helmet. Andy appears next to Winchester, " Oh man! I gotta hear this!"

Carolina takes a deep breath, "It starts when the Mother of Invention crashed, and Maine became The Meta by ripping my AI units from my head. Around that time was when John-117 began his campaign against the Covenant." Wash nods for her to continue. "After he took my AI units Maine threw me off a cliff, and left me for dead. As I fell I realized with the director had done, how he deceived us all. I thought I was going to die with the knowledge And then he found

me."Carolina puts a hand on her helmet as she looks it in the visor, "John was on Sidewinder by some freak chance, and he saw me fall. He patched me up, and then later became the war hero we know today... I owe him my life."She looks up at Wash, "Then the UNSC decided to try replicating their success with John, and set about cloning him. They made hundreds, maybe thousands, but only two survived. One of them is standing next to you."

Wash slowly looks over at Winchester, who crosses her arms. Carolina nods, "Yes Wash, and the other is currently MIA somewhere on the planet below. When the project was discovered they were left in my care to keep them strong, and then later agreed to help me brig down the Director."She looks to Winchester, "Now what happened on the surface? We had a long period, about nine months, of radio silence from the both of you."

" After we got the bacon, I tied to use my teleporter equipment to get us of the ship...Which had some minor issues, we all got separated."Winchester says.

Travis nods, "You tried boosting your power with the ship didn't you? Your equipment was designed just to warp you, nothing else could pass through stably."

" Well it was better than getting blown up." Winchester sighs.

" Hahah, speaking of blowing." Andy laughs.

" Shut the hell up." She growls.

"And who is the stowaway?" Carolina gestures at Andy.

" He was the bomb."

"...Excuse me?" Carolina blinks, sure she hadn't heard right.

" He was the bomb." Winchester repeats.

" Yeah! And I exploded in place you never will! Haha!" Winchester finally reaches her limit and pulls him out of her helmet.

Carolina sighs, "I would almost think having Omega in your head is better than him... Speaking of, what was the situation with Omega?"

" Tex still has him."

Carolina nods, and turns to Wash. "Have you heard anything concerning Tex?"

" No." Wash says.

" Permission to exit?" Winchester asks,

"Granted," Carolina nods. "And it's good to have you back Winchester."

Winchester nods and quickly exits the room and heads straight to the recovery rooms.

Sarge is pacing in front of the surgical room, shotgun on his back. Winchester glances at him and walks up to him. Sarge nods to her, "Hey Winchester."

" Hello, any word on how they're doing?"

"Well he's stable, and Church hopped in with Lopez before they started." He looks over at Lopez's head on a small table nearby. Winchester lets a breath of relief out and sits in one of the chairs. "Ah don't sweat it Win," Sarge says casually. "I've known Simmons a long time, longer than you in fact. And I know he will never abandon his team. Ever."

"Yeah..." She slips off her helmet and rakes her fingers through her bangs.

"And what's more by the time he's done in there he should be stronger than ever! Hell, he could probably beat that Meta fella at arm wrestling'!"

Church appears beside Lopez, "Yeah Sarge, I doubt it. Win, and I saw him pinch through a few inches of... Hey Lopez, what's that stuff the Wolverine's claws are made of?"

"Adamantium." He replies.

"Yeah, that stuff," Church says. "Seriously though Win, I've been hopping around the computer systems here, and from what the doctors say Simmons could be a hell of a lot worse. We're lucky we got help when we did, or it wouldn't be looking as good."

Winchester nods, " I know." She looks to the side with closed eyes, " Its my fault his like this, If I didn't chase after Maine-"

"Then he would have anyways," Church says firmly. "Trust me, you spend a few months in a guy's head you learn a thing or two about him."

" Still...I should of looked out for him."

Church sighs, "Trust me Win, after the Hell he put himself through that would have just humiliated him... I should probably let him fill you in though." Church vanishes as the Recovery Room door opens, and a doctor pokes his head through.

"He can accept visitors now." Sarge looks to Winchester, and gestures for her to go on. Winchester grabs Lopez's head and quickly follows the doctor.

Inside she sees Simmons on a table with his armor hovering in bits around the room. He's breathing slowly as one Medic is working on the metal that makes up his stomach. His right arm is missing from the shoulder, and his left is gone at the elbow. A white sheet covers the lower half of his body, but from the lack of bulges it looks like both his legs are gone from the top of the he turns his head towards her, Winchester can see crescents of metal framing his eyes like parentheses. He blinks, and then smiles at her.

Winchester smiles back and sits next to him. Simmons sighs, "Not as bad as it looks Win."

The medic looks up, "The initial impact destroyed his ribcage, and damaged his lungs. Luckily his heart, and other organs remain intact. Here we're splintered fractures in his limbs due to the close range of the impact, this the amputees. We have replacements being built as we speak however."

Simmons looks down, "...I'm sorry Avaline."

Winchester nods at the doctor, then looks at Simmons, "What for?"

"I... When we thought you were dead I always kept thinking that there was something I could do... I might have been able to disarm the bomb, might have been able to come up with a survival plan... If I had just been more like a Freelancer." He looks up at her, "That's why I trained so hard. Even if I couldn't hold you I was tired of being the dead weight in this relationship. I wanted to be the guy who could fight beside you, not shoot over your shoulder... I guess I just couldn't do it."

"Don't be. I know you can do it. And being a Freelancer doesn't mean knowing how to do everything. Everyone has their limits."

Simmons sighs, "And now I don't even have a hand to hold..."

The medic looks up at him, and then presses an earpiece, "How are the appendages coming? ...Alright, then bring it in." A few minutes later another medic comes in with a left hand that looks like it could have come off the Terminator. He connects it to the Cybernetic outfit installed on Simmons's stump of a left arm, and Simmons winces, reflexively making a fist. Winchester scoots out of the way. Simmons raises the new arm, and flexes it.

"Not bad... It's just as good as my other arm."

"Better," the other medic says. "It's strong enough now to withstand a grenade going off in your grip."

Simmons smiles, "At least I won't be benched in a fight."

Winchester grins, "Well now that I know you're going to be okay, I'm going to take your armor in and see if I can salvage it. That, or get you a new suit."

"Probably gonna need a new one," Simmons says.

"Most likely...But I can try..."

Simmons reaches over, ever so slowly taking her hand.

"Most likely...But I can try..." Winchester looks up at him and squeezes his hand. He closes his eyes, and sighs, "Kinda tired... Love you..."

She pats his hand, "Just rest now." He nods, and closes his eyes. As he does she notices that the underside, and ridges of his jaw are also metal. She then kisses his forehead and walks out of the room; "Love you..."

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3. Chapter 3

- Halo Icon room-

Commander Miranda Keys Slowly approaches the floating icon, she looks around herself.

There are obvious signs of a big fight. The wreckage of several Enforcers litters the floor, and there's a large hole in the floor. The Index floats above it. Keyes grabs a broken tentacle wrapped around an Enforcer, leans over and grabs the Index, "Gotcha!"

She jerks forward slightly as her anchor slides free. Before she can fall too far, the tentacle is grabbed by Sergeant Johnson., " You know, your father never asked me for help either!"

"The Index is secure." Keyes announces. Johnson pulls her up,

" McKenzie? Perez? How's our exit? You hear me Marines? We got trouble..." Johnson fires on a shadow. " Damn!" The shadow resolves into the Arbiter. He knocks Johnson's rifle aside and grabs him, " How ya doin?"

The Arbiter headbutts Johnson, knocking him out. Keyes pulls out SMGs and unloads on the Arbiter. " Sergeant stay down! Johnson you alright? Johnson!" The Arbiter knocks down Keys.

Tartarus shows up with reinforcements and draws Keyes and the Index to him with his grav-hammer. "Excellent work Arbiter. The Hierarchs will be pleased."

"The Icon...is my responsibility." Arbiter rasps out.

"Was your responsibility. Now it is mine. " Tartarus hands Keyes over the brute behind him."A bloody fate awaits you and your incompetent race. And I, Tartarus, Chieftain of the Brutes, will send you to it." He growls.

"When the Prophets learn of this they will have your head." Arbiter says.

"When they learn? Fool. They ordered me to do it..." Tartarus knocks the Arbiter into the shaft the Index was floating over with his gravity hammer.

...

"Another dayâ€¦ Another longâ€¦ Miserableâ€¦ Fucking hot day!" Tucker throws his arms skyward before drawing his sword, and using it to gouge a nearby column of stone in frustration.

" Hey! It could be worse! At least we have the temples!" Donut says, " Its better than the cold!"

"Donut, just shut the fuck up." Tucker turns to him, and glares through his visor.

" Just saying, don't have to be rude about it!" Dount sighs, "I miss the other guys, its still weird not having them around."

"Yeah..." He looks down at his sword, remembering the life he brought into this world. "...I only knew him for a few minutes...but I loved him..."

"Yeah.." Donut looks to the side, " You know, despite the ship blowing up, I haven't heard anything about them finding any remains."

"Don't get my hopes up man," Tucker snaps, putting away his sword. "There's no way a kid could have survived that explosion..."

" I'm sure Argent would have protected him."

"I said not to get my hopes up!" Tucker throws a rock at him, and storms back for the temple. "Maybe CT has found a relic by now, something that would make their time out here not pointless."

" Ow!" Dount yelps, he pauses and turns to his right as he hears footsteps but sees no one. " Uh, hello?"

Tucker doesn't pay him any attention as he goes into the temple. "CT! Where the hell are you man?!"

" Over here!"

Tucker runs over towards the shout, "What is a CT? Did you actually find something this time, or is it just more pretty pictures of the walls?"

" Huh? No you ask where I was and I yelled at you." CT says with a shrug and turns back towards the digging sight.

"You remind me of someone else I knew, he never stop yelling." Tucker says as he also observes the dating sites.

" If your wondering, no we haven't found anything new."

"Just like yesterday, and the day before that, and the day before that!" Tucker turns to CT, "Dude, what are we even doing out here? As far as I can tell all we're doing a short-circuiting our cooling systems with our sweat!"

" We're looking for Alien artifacts, for the UNSC labs." CT crosses his arms.

"We've been out here for MONTHS CT, if there was anything then we would have found it. Right now all we have are me with my sword, you with your team of Alien adventurers, and Donut here with... Hey, where'd he go?" Tucker turns around, "Funny, he was right behind me outside."

CT turns, " Hey Dount!"

No response.

Suddenly a call comes in on Tucker's radio And the voice is spookily familiar...

"Tucker, come in Tucker! Sheila, are you sure this is the frequency his radio is always on? I know it's been a long time since the Gulch-"

"Argent? Is that you?" Tucker cannot believe his ears.

"I'll thank goodness! Yeah Tucker it's me, and Junior is okay escalation point were just out in the middle of Sidewinder, but we're in a fortress right now. I'll send you some coordinates, hang on a secâ€|"

Dount comes around the corner," Guys I could of sworn I saw something."

Tucker grabs doughnut by the shoulders, and start shaking himself fast he's a blur like something out of a cartoon. "Don't you won't believe it! My baby is alive! My little alien baby is alive!"

" What?! HA! I knew it!" Dount yells happily. Behind Dount there's a weird shimmer.

Tucker doesn't notice, he's too far gone happiness. He turns to CT, "oh, I don't think I told you about that did I? Yeah one of the covenant elite got a hold of me, and injected me with a baby. Then a bunch of people tried to steal him from me, but a Freelancer I know took him away to be safe. It was all something about some prophecy the swordâ€|He pulls out his energy sword, "Cool huh? It only works for me though!"

CT stares at him," That's awesome. But we're looking for something called the Oracle."

Suddenly CT is hit on the back of the followed closely by Dount. Then Tuckers slammed against a wall by his throat. "GRK!" He flails around, and slashes in front of himself with the sword.

There's a whoosh of wind and then he's sent skidding on his back. A shadow looms over him as the camo slowly turns off to reveal the Arbiter. Tucker crab-walks back on his feet, "Oh not this shit again! Look I'd give you the sword if I could, but it's bound to me by my DNA!"

" Where's the child?" Arbiter says, his voice is deep and threatening.

Tucker freezes, "...Holy shot you didn't just say 'Honk Blargh'! You actually speak fucking English!"

" Where Is the child?" He asks again, drawing his energy sword. Tucker jumps to his feet, anger overriding his surprise, and even his fear. He draws his own sword, "Hey fuck you dude! You're nuts if you think I'm gonna let you hurt my kid when I just spent the last nine months thinking he was dead!"

" He must fulfill his prophecy." Arbiter says with a glare.

"Yeah I heard from Crunchbite about that, now how about you tell me what this Great Prophecy is really about huh? Is my kid supposed to Martyr himself or something?"

" He is the beginning of The Great Journey. He will light Halo."

"...So you don't wanna hurt my kid?"

" No."

Tucker slowly puts his sword away, "Well... Then there's something we have in common. You help me get to him, and I'll see what I can do about that prophecy. And what is Halo anyways?"

Arbiter straightens his stance, standing a good foot and a half taller than Tucker." Halo is a ring build by the Forerunners."

"And who are the Forerunners?" Tucker picks up his Assault rifle, securing it to his back.

" The Forerunners were an ancient species of technologically advanced beings."

"So they made the cool shit... . Alright. Hey Donut, CT we- hey, where's CT?" Tucker looks over the ground, but can't find the brown excavator anywhere. Arbiter switches to his carbine and looks around. "Hm... Meh, fuck it, doesn't really concern him. Let's take Donut though... If you got room for three."

" Very well." Arbiter nods," Who was that on the radio." He asks... Or demanded.

"The Freelancer who swore she'd protect my kid," Tucker says as he heads for the corner of the temple where he had stashed his stuff. He picks up his Plasma Rifle, and puts it on his back too. "No worries though, she doesn't have an itchy trigger finger." He helps drag donut outside, "Maybe you know her? She knows a lot about the Covenant. Her name is Kate Argent, or Agent Tennessee."

Arbiter snaps his head up," I do know her." He growls.

"Oh cool, more buddies of hers," Tucker looks around the desert. "How did you get here man?"

Arbiter walks out of the temple, and points to a Phantom. Tucker nods, and puts Donut over his shoulder, "Awesome, woah... Dudes is really light, must be that diet he's on where he only eats things starting with vowels.: Arbiter grunts in response and heads for the ship. They load up, and Tucker says, "Argent said she was at a fortress in the middle of Sidewinder, let's hurry!" Arbiter climbs to the front and sits in the pilot seat, then ship lifts off the ground, and takes off

...

On the Righteous Indignation Carolina has called a meeting of all the soldiers."Alright, Agent Connecticut just called in. He has been monitoring Tucker, and Donut the last nine months. He says Tucker received a transmission not too long ago from Argent, and apparently Junior is alive too. He didn't hear where they are, but she knows that Tucker is on his way thereâ€¦ With a covenant elite." Winchester looks up with narrowed eyes. Griff tilts his head,

" I thought we're supposed to be fighting them."

Carolina nods, "So we track them. We have a fix on Tucker, and if we follow him he'll take us right to Argent. Wash, can I count on you to lead? I still have a low profile to maintain."

Wash nods, " Of course."

Carolina nods, "Alright. CT will hold his position at the desert, he's convinced there's a relic there that can help us. Its best if you load up, and get on a ship. Remember how to fly Winchester?"

" Yes Ma'am." Winchester takes her rifle off her back and slaps it in her hands.

The door to the hangar opens, and Simmons walks in. He has his helmet under his arm, but it looks different now. It leaves his face exposed while covering the rest of his head. "Dick Simmons reporting for duty," he says with a salute. Winchester turns to him and walks up to him, " Are you sure you ready for a mission so soon?" Simmons smiles, picking up a spare assault rifle. He snaps it between his hands like a twig.

"Hell yes."

Winchester nods, " Alright then." She turns towards the others, and puts her helmet on, " Load up." Simmons spots a rocket launcher, and grabs it while loading up on ammo. Sarge picks up what looks like a mace, "What's this thing?" Griff sighs and heads inside the pelican follow by Sister.

" It's a Spike grenade." Winchester replies, and heads for the cockpit.

"A grenade? With spikes? GIMME GIMMIE GIMMIE!" Sarge starts strapping as many onto his belt as he can. Then when he hears the ship powering up he runs onto it.

...

Tucker checks the readout in his helmet, "How much farther dude?"

" We're approaching now." Arbiter responds, the Phantom loses altitude and lands.

Tucker gets out, and runs for the fortress, "Hello?! Argent?! Junior!"

"GUARDIAN UNIT OF NATIONS, ATTACK!" A few guys in blue pop up over a snow bank, and start shooting."Son of a bitch!" Tucker dives into the snow. Arbiter throws a plasma grenade and cloaks himself while taking one down with a headshot from his Carbine.

Tucker shouts, "No good! These fucks can't die!"

The soldiers are on their feet again whooping with joy, "We must protect the sacred child from intruders!" Arbiter draws his energy sword and roars, " We must get though!"

Tucker draws his too."Whoa! WHOA! Everybody chill out!"

Tucker perks, "That voice... ARGENT?!"

The team of blues stop," Huh?!"

Argent runs over to them, "It's okay guys, the human is Junior's dad."

" Really? Its a honor to meet you!"

Tucker gets up, "I have never been happier to see anyone Argent, not even when that hooker did me for free back on earth."

Argent pushes through the snow to them, and hugs Tucker. "Hey, sorry for the rough welcome. This is Italy, Russia, and New Zealand. I call them It, Russ, and Zee."

" Honk!" A little figure jumps on Tuckers arm.

"Junior!" Tucker hugs him tightly, "Oh I thought you were space dust!"

" Blargh blargh!" Junior starts blarging a mile a minute.

Arbiter walks up," This is the child?"

Tucker nods, "yeah, Junior. Has he been eating well?"

Argent sighs "Unfortunately he still needs to regain some strength, he went nine months without food."

" Honk!" Junior walks up to the Arbiter and tilts his head.

Argent walks up to the Arbiter, "Hi, I'm Kate Argent, and you are?"

" The Arbiter."

Kate frowns, that nudges something in her memory, she just put her finger on what exactly...

Arbiter tilts his head as he scans her armor, then he narrows his eyes as he draws his energy sword," Demon!"

On reflects argent jumps back, pulling her gravity hammer off her back. "Whoa hombre, what's the problem?!"

" Thanks to your incompetent race, they destroyed a sacred ring!" He changes at her, sword ," You and the other two Demons, shall not harm another!"

Argent rolls to the side that she tries to make sense of this.

"Sacred ringâ€¦ Demons, other twoâ€¦ Oh shit!" She suddenly realizes what he saying, and draws a Needler on him. Arbiter disappears and runs around behind her to elbow her in the back. A sudden explosion occurs in front of her however, sending her flying backwards into the Arbiter. She will often are unseen fellow, and start looking around for the other one. On a cliff agent Maine reloads his brute shot. On the phantom Donut grouns as he raises his head," Wa?"Arbiter rolls to

his feet and looks around.

Argent gapes at the robe freelancer, "Oh crap! Tucker get Junior into the fortress, Arbiter if you want to demon there is one right there!"

Maine leaps from the cliff, and slams feetfirst into the snow a few yards away from them. Argent fires her weapon at him, but the crystals shatter on his armor as he shoots her square in the chest. Luckily her nullifier is on, and she doesn't take any damage. Arbiter turns towards Marie and fires his carbine. He blocks with the blade of his brute shot as he draws a pistol, and returns fire with it. Arbiters armor statics and the shield take the hits. Maine aims his brute shot, and fires a round at the Arbiter before facing argent. The both of them can't seem to do much damage to the other in a fistfight so it dissolves into a grappling match. Soon he has her in a headlock. Argent squirms, and is about to throw him off when she feels a searing pain in her skull. Maine drops her, her freelancer equipment in his hands, and her AI chip. He wastes no time inserting them into his own armor with a satisfied hiss.

Suddenly a pelican drop ship slams into him as it lands. Arbiter dives out of the way. Main skids, and then activates Argent's equipment. The Pelican goes flipping the right over him into a cliff of ice. The back hatchet opens up and Winchester, Griff, and Sister stagger out. Simmons strides out, and takes in the scene. He fires a rocket at Maine, but it doesn't even budge The Meta. Winchester loads her rifle and looks at the scene, then curses, "Damnit! He has Argents equipment! " she fires four shots at him and runs to Argent. The Meta ignores them as he strides towards the Arbiter.

Argent sniffles, "She... She's gone... He took Sheila... Sheila..." Arbiter shoots at him and throws a plasma grenade.

Winchester crouches next to her , " Hey, its alright. We'll get her back. I promise."

The shots bounce off and like rubber balls and the grenade stick his chestâ€|BOOM!Main interrupts from the smoke, and tackles the Arbiter. He punches him repeatedly in the face before ripping out his stealth unit. Arbiter bucks under him and roars pulls a chip from her helmet," Kate we need him."

Argent slowly nods, and pulls out her half too. "We need a distractionâ€| G.U.N, ATTACK THE ONE ATTACKING THE ALIEN!"

" Charge!" The blue team runs at the Meta guns blazing. Winchester clips them together and presses a button in the center. The meta pockets the Stealth unit, and charges the small army back. He effortlessly kills them, but they can't stay dead. It's a very good distractionâ€|

The chip in her hand glows with a ring of gold, and that ring shoots into the sky, expanding as it does so until it forms a yellow circle over their immediate area. A beam of golden light pulses as it flies through the center of that ring into deep spaceâ€| They hope the Beacon reaches him in timeâ€|

...Cortana pauses from where she was talking, and she turns to Chief," Chief, they need you." He nods and pulls Cortana from the

console, before heading to the dropships.

Winchester turns towards the others, " Alright we have backup coming."

Argent nods, and stumbles. "I think I need a medic..." Winchester puts a arm over her shoulder and picks her up to carry her the the tipped Pelican.

Maine snaps the neck of Swiss, and shoots Manny in the forehead as a Sonic Boom sounds overhead. Arbiter looks up at the sky as something slams in the ground. Maine jumps back, his Brute Shot aimed at the stasis pod. Argent smiles, "Daddy..."

Tucker tilts his head, "Daddy?"

The door bursts open and a Spartan in dark green armor steps out with a shotgun raised. Simmons spots the three digits on his chest plate... 117.

Sarge drops his shotgun, "Oh..."

Tucker nods, "...My..."

"God," Simmons Meta takes a reflexive step back, and then snarls as he charges the most famous Spartan ever to have lived.

Master Chief has take the battlefield.

Chief glances over at Winchester and Argent before looking at the Meta, he raises his gun and strikes. Meta grabs the gun, crushing the business end as he punches his enemy in the visor. Chief catches his fist and flips him over himself and kicks him in the stomach. The knee in the stomach does absolutely squat as Maine uses his free hand to slash at Master chief with the blade on his weapon.

Chief rolls away, " What kind of equipment does this guy have?" He asks.

"He got ahold of Argents equipment from what I can tell." Cortana responds.

Church appears beside Master chief, "And according to what I've been able to remember he has super strength, healing, Argent's equipments, and he can change his armor color."

Maine growls loudly as he spots Church, and several AI fragments appear in the air around his head.

Chief nods, " Alright."

" I believe if we get his helmet off, we can stop him, since that's where he controls all the equipment. " Cortana says.

Church gulps, "oh shit, who wants me inside him?"

From across the clearing Tucker yells at the top of his voice, "BOW CHICKA BOW WOW!"

Winchester runs up beside Chief, " What's the plan?"

" We need to get his helmet off, without it he can't control his equipment. I'll distract him."She nods and loads her rifle," I could use some help Church."

Church glances at her, and swallows before running into her head.

Argent shouts, "G.U.N, hold him down!"

The Mata looks over his shoulder as the Nimrod Squad charges him again. The blue team tackles him all at once and pins him down. The Meta throws them off, and then Simmons jumps on his back. "REMEMBER ME?!" Before the Meta can respond Simmons yanks off his helmet. The Meta jerks, and then falls face-down into the ground. On the back of his bald head is an odd tattoo... Chief walks up to him and puts a pistol to his head. Maine doesn't move...

Simmons looks at the helmet in his hands, "...Maybe it sent him into shock. Erm-I mean- maybe it sent him into shock, Master Chief, Sir!" Simmons salutes him. Chief nods and gestures to the helmet," Get rid of that thing."

Argent jerks, "No! Sheila!"

Winchester snatches the helmet from Simmons," I promised we would try and save Sheila." Simmons glances at her, then the helmet, and then at Master Chief.

"And... For what it's worth Sir, if we can salvage on AI from that helmet we may be able to save them all. That would certainly give us an edge. We may even be able to revive Maine here back to his former self."

Church appears again, "Those Fragments are pieces of me... It just feels wrong to try to destroy all of them." Cortana answers," Alright, we'll head back to the Righteous Indignation. See what we can do." Chief grabs Maine by the back plate and drags him to the pelican.

Argent smiles, "Great to see you dad..."Tucker hug Junior to him as he follows the others to the ship. Chief kicks the pelican off its side and throws Maine inside before climbing in. Winchester follows and heads for the cock-pit. Griff stares in disbelief.

Sarge finally regains his wits, or what wits he has, and picks up his shotgun. "C'mon, let's go!" The rest of the team follows and loads on the pelican, it lifts off the ground and takes off in the sky. " Hey Church, give Carolina a heads up that we're on our way home." Winchester says.

"Already on it," Church replies.

About ten minutes later the pelican approaches the frigate. Winchester steers it into the hanger and lands. Carolina is standing at attention in the hangar, and salutes Master Chief. "Welcome back Sir, good to have you aboard again."She eyes Maine as he's moved to a hover-gurney. His eyes are unfocused, bloodshot, and covering the lower half of his face is a respirator. She looks at him out of the corner of eyes filled with regret.

Chief nods, "So What's the story with that guy?" He asks.

"Agent Maine of Project Freelancer. After a throat injury in the field he was incapable of speech so I gave him my AI "Sigma" to communicate with. However afterwards Maine started experiencing headaches, especially after being outfitted with equipment that exponentially amplified his strength. Sigma represented Alpha's creativity, and became obsessed with Metastability, the phase in a malfunctioning AI where the program becomes, in a sense, human. Afterwards Sigma took over Maine's mind, goading him into attacking other Freelancers for their Fragments, and equipment."

" Are there any Freelancers he hasn't killed?"

"Agents Washington, CT, and... Texas," Carolina finishes with a hint of bitterness in her tone.

" Well we have some big problems then that, the Covenant found another ring,"

Carolina jerks to attention, and Argent is carted past on another gurney.

Tucker looks around, "Uh... Where's Arbiter?"

" He's still on Sidewinder." Winchester says.

Caboose clears his throat, "Oh um... That is a very nice wall, don't you think?"

Simmons turns to him, "What did you do?"

"Well I might or might not have felt sorry for the big alien, and had the other Reds, and Blues from the cold place put him in the cargo hold of the ship... And themselves as well... I have so many friends now!"

Church appears, "GODDAMMIT CABOOSE!" Winchester and Chief glance at each other before the take off running towards the cargo hold.

Griff stares at Caboose, " You brought a enemy Alien on board?"

"Well I didn't know he was an enemy," Caboose snaps. "Nobody bothers to tells these things."

" I think it was pretty obvious. " Griff snarks.

Tucker holds his kid a little tighter. Sister sighs, "So, like what now? And who was that dude in green armor?"

Tucker snaps his head to her, "Are you fucking* kidding me?! That was the Master Chief! John-117, the greatest Spartan ever! I heard he was kidnaped as a kid, and they did all kinds of experiments on him so he could trash elite marines when he was only 14!"

" Okay...If he's a Spartan, and Argent and Win are Spartans too, does that mean they were kidnapped too?"

Simmons frowns, "Maybe... Wait a minute, how come they call him Dad?" Griff shrugs, "Who knows?"

Tucker stares at Simmons, "You do realize this means Master Chief, the Hero of our generation, is your girlfriend's dad right?"

Simmons shrugs, "So? Unlike you Tucker I can treat women with respect. I don't have anything to worry about."

Tucker shakes his head slowly, "Doesn't matter dude, he's a dad, and dads are always protective of their daughters. Even if you do everything right you had better keep one eye over your shoulder whenever he's around."

"Whatever," Simmons says with an eye roll.

Griff snickers, "I have to admit though, seeing him pin you against a wall because you messed up with Win is kind of funny."

"Well don't hold your breath Griff, because I actually love her. I'm not going to mistreat her, ever!"

Tucker tilts his head, "Kinda makes you wonder who the momma is, right Wash?"

" Huh? Um, yeah, sure." Wash snaps out of his trance and shakes his head a little.

Sarge crosses his arms, "What's your problem Wash?"

" Nothing, just thinking."

"What about?" Tucker questions.

" Not important. " Wash shrugs, On the contrary, it was VERY important.

Church appears, "Yeah, bull. Whenever you Freelancers have something rolling around in your head it's always important."

" Its nothing that concerns you. Stop asking."

Simmons narrows his eyes at Wash, "No I agree with Church on this one. If it's not important why be so defensive about it?"

" Because it's Classified. Now stop asking, that's an order." Wash hisses.

Tucker says, "Uh, is this your ship? No? Then you can't order us around. You're a Freelancer, not a Captain."

Simmons flexes his new hands, "And if you wanna to a step further..."

" True, but Carolina put me in charge of you guys. So yes, I am your Captain." Wash say to Tucker.

"That was for the mission," Church says. "And guess what? Mission's over. In fact since we've been working with Argent, and Win longer than you have I guess that makes you the new kid on the block."

"It doesn't mat-" Wash was interrupted by Cortana's voice coming from everyone radios,

" We have a problem, that elite stole one of the escape pods, I can't track him because he ripped out the system for it."

Carolina narrows her eyes, "Travis, activate the stealth shields, and put us in Lunar orbit."

"Aye ma'am!"To anyone outside the ship the Righteous Indignation just shimmers out of sight. On the inside however nothing has changed.

Wash looks over at Carolina," So what now?"

Carolina frowns, "Get Maine's helmet to Travis, he'll work on salvaging what he can. As for the rest of us, Master Cheif on deck!" She stands at attention as the war hero returns. Wash nods and grabs Maine's helmet before heading to the lab.

Chief nods at Carolina, " We need to get back to Charity, the Covenant have Miranda and Johnson."

Carolina nods, "Thank you for the assistance Sir. Take a ship, and any weaponry you need."

Church sounds taken aback, "Wait... That's it? You're just gonna up and leave?!"

" Unless you want the whole human race to be destroyed along with every other living thing, yes. And I might need Argent and Winchester's help."

Carolina clears her throat, "Argent is in the med bay right now Sir."

" Alright, then I'll improvise." He says and heads to a pelican," Either way I need to stop them."

Simmons steps forward, "If I may... Stop what Sir?"

" Halo, its a weapon that the covenant have, if they fire it, we'll all die." Cortana responds. Winchester follows Chief on the pelican.

Simmons looks down, and then steps forward, "Sir, permission to join you on your mission."

Chief looks over his shoulder," Alright."

Simmons blinks, not having expected it to be that easy. He nods, putting on his custom made helmet as he puts a fresh rocket launcher on his back. He waves to the others as he gets in the ship. Griff and Sister wave.

Simmons takes his seat in the Pelican, and starts making sure his Rocket Launcher is clean.

" Tell Argent i'll bring her a souvenir." Winchester says with a

smirk as she follows Chief to the sighs," Yeah, I'm sure she'll appreciate that. "

Caboose waves as the Pelican flies away. "...I miss them already."

" They'll be fine." Griff shrugs," Well, see ya! I'm going down to the mess hall!"

"Right behind you," Tucker says, carrying Junior on his shoulders. " Blargh!" Junior points towards the medic bay.

"Oh, you wanna go visit Argent?" Tucker looks up at him. " Honk!" He nods

"Okay!" They step inside to see Argent snoozing on a med bed, and nearby Maine floats in his undersuit inside a medical pod filled with blue liquid. Junior hops off Tuckers shoulders and tugs at Argents hand. Argent blinks her eyes open, and smiles at him. "Hey little guy... You okay?"

"Honk!" He hops on the bed and cuddles her.

She rubs his back, "I'm okay, the doctor says I just need to take it easy for a while. Bummer huh? Well at least I get to wear my swimsuit for the first time."

Tucker blinks, "Wait... Swimsuit?"

"Yeah when we first got Travis inboard the first thing he did was build a huge Rec Room with swimming pool, hot tub, buffet-"

Tucker picks them both up, "Well let's go then, doctor's orders!"

" Blargh!" Junior happily says.

...

In the lab, Wash stands with Carolina, " So...How much of the A.I.s can we save?"

Carolina looks over a list Travis hands her, "Well... Not all of them apparently. For better or worse Sigma is too badly damaged. At a glance Delta, and Theta are the most salvageable Fragments. This Sheila doesn't appear too badly deteriorated eitherâ€|"

" That's good, I mean I think Argent would rip apart this ship if she wasn't..."

Carolina shakes her head, "No, more likely she would have gone into a depression. That's what happened when Wyoming killed West Virginia." Carolina looks up, "Oh yeah, you never met her did you? West was in a different Freelancer squad. Anyways she was also Argent's first girlfriend."

"Oh...That explains a lot..." Wash says

"What do you mean? The first time you saw her was on that mission just now."

" True, but I over heard the guys talking about how pissed she got

when she saw Wyoming. " Carolina nods, and watches Travis messing with a hologram. Wash goes quiet, then changes the subject," So what about Maine?"

"We have his equipment, all of it is functional," Carolina replies. "The Medics are looking him over, seeing if he's..." She hangs her head, and balls her fists, "...It should have been me Wash, Sigma was my AI."

" Its not your fault, you didn't know this was going to happen." Wash assures her.

"Remember how the Director said each AI was specifically assigned for each of us?"

" Yes?"

"Well what if he knew I was going to give Sigma to Maine? Or what if it was just another experiment to see how Maine would react?"

" And what if it wasn't? So what, its over. Maines is alright." Wash says putting a hand on his hip.

"It's not over until the Director is MINE Wash, and we can't even go after him because a maroon IDIOT took Alpha with him! ...Unless..."

" Unless what?"

"Epsilon," she replies. "He was your AI wasn't he? What part of Alpha was he?"

" I can't remember...When they put him in my head he went nuts."

"You don't have to lie to me Wash," Carolina says.

"...He was the Memories." Wash sighs.

Carolina nods slowly, "Lucky us... How confident are you that you could take our soldiers into Freelancer HQ to retrieve Epsilon?"

" Slim...But i'll try." He responds.

Carolina nods, and Travis perks up, "Whoa! Hold on! I got some of my own equipment for you Wash..."

Wash turns," What is it?"

Travis picks up a chip, and tosses it to Wash. "It sets off a discharge in your armor, giving off a localized Emp. It'll fry anything running on electricity within ten meters of you when you punch the ground. Vehicles, armor, AI, missiles, everything. Takes a minute to recharge though."

" Alright..." he puts the chip in his helmet.

"You'll need an Ai, or at least a processor," Travis says, finding a processor chip. "I haven't tested that Emp with this thing yet so you may only get one shot vs two or three."

" Alright." Wash nods.

Carolina sighs, "Well you had best assemble your team. I think they're all by the pool."

" We have a pool...?"

...

As Wash walks into the pool room something whizzes past him, and into the pool... Caboose skating on two bars of soap over the smooth floor.

Wash stares...and stares," What...in...the...hell...?"

Over to his right he hears Sarge shout, "Missy I am telling you for the last time that is NOT a bathing suit! That is a string!...a very TINY string... it's almost a birthday suit..."Argent put her hands on her hips, and raises her eyebrows as she stands there in a sling bikini. For those who don't know that consists of two loops of material that barely cover her nipples, and then meet up at her crotch while leaving NOTHING to the imagination.

Wash blushes heavily," Uh...Guys?"

Argent looks over, and smiles, "Hey Wash, what's up?"

" I-I-I...Uh, we have a mission..." he stutters and messes with his rifle.

"Cool, sorry I can't go though. The Doc benched me for a while." She spots Caboose come up for air, and takes a running leap at him, "PREPARE TO MEET YOUR MAKER!"

Caboose looks up, "Joel Heyman?"

SPLASH!

Wash sighs and turns back around and slowly walks away," Its hard to believe you're a Spartan sometimes."

Tucker groans, "Man... she's my kid's mom! I should totally have banging rights! How come she's gotta be bent...?"

Griff points and laughs," Loser!"

"Oh shut up, your first girlfriend had a dick," Tucker snaps.

" I'm starting to regret telling you that..." Griff mutters

"Whatever... Hey Wash, what's that mission you were talking about?" He chases after him in his swim trunks." Freelancer HQ to retrieve Epsilon." Wash says

"Better than being taunted by that hot bod. I'm in."

" What about everyone else?"

"Gonna have to ask them yourself man."

"...I'm not going back in there. Suit up, we're in a hour."

"Gotcha." Tucker runs off.

Wash walks back to the lab, "These guys are supposed to be soldiers? ..."

"They're Reds, and Blues," Carolina reminds him. "They were never given proper training."

"Still...they should still at least know SOMETHING..."

"They know the business end of a gun, and not to throw just the ring of a grenade. Other than that they can follow orders. That's all we got Wash."

"Fine. When are the other two going to be back?"

Travis perks, "Uh... Guys? Maine's awake."

Wash turns, "Is that a good thing?..."

"I. Have. NO. idea."

...

In the Med Bay Maine has his eyes open, and is looking around the room. Wash slowly walks inside, "Hey Maine..." Maine looks at him, and then at Carolina. He blinks at them from inside his tube, and then looks away with a definite look of shame. Carolina walks forward, "Maine... are you back?"

Silence... and then Maine nods once.

Wash nods back, "Good." Maine balls his fists, and shakes his head. Then he mimes shooting himself in the head. Wash cringes then looks over at Carolina. Carolina puts a hand on the tube, "It wasn't your fault Maine... It was mine. Sigma was my AI." Maine slams a palm on the glass, making them both jump as he looks at her with a firm glare. Then he shakes his head at her. Wash tilts his head and sighs. Carolina sighs too, and puts a hand on his through the glass, "Maine... I need you. Not as the meta, but as the Agent I could trust at my back when things got tough. I need you to help me hunt down the man responsible for all of Project Freelancer." Maine hesitates, and then looks up at her with the fires of Hell burning behind his eyes, figuratively speaking. Then he nods, balling his fists. Wash puts his rifle on his back and crosses his arms. Carolina hits a button, and the tube drains before opening. Maine steps out, and punches his hand before cracking his neck. He eyes his armor in the corner, and walks over to it, looking it over. Wash leans against a wall, "We had A new suit made for you in The armory."

Maine looks over at him, and starts to walk out. He pause long enough to pick up his signature weapon, and carry it with one hand. Wash watches him go and pushes himself off the wall.

Carolina smiles, "You won't find any more loyal backup than

that."

...

When Maine gets to the armoury, racks of different kind of armour hang on the wall, as does guns.

Maine's respirator clicks rapidly as he looks around at the armaments, wondering which is for him. One of the pods glow a dull orange as he approaches it, and it hisses open. Maine tilts his head, and as he leans into the light bathing him. Inside the pod, a full suit of armor, along with the under suit, hangs. The armor is the original style. Its coloring is much the same as his old suit, white, only wear its Orange, its a military green. Maine hisses as he reaches for it, putting on the under suit then manually strapping on the armor pieces. Then he looks for the helmet.

The helmet glints in the light and opens at the bottom so he can put it on. Maine picks it up, and slowly sets it over his head. The seals close, then he feels a slight pinch. "What makes this so... What the-?!" He puts a hand to his head, and hisses in surprise. The helmet is playing his thoughts!

Wash walks in, "Hey, so how does it feel?"

Maine turns to him, "Amazing."

"Glad you like it." Wash nods.

Maine, never having been one for words to begin with, picks up his Brute Shot, and loads it. Then he jerks his chin at Wash with a snarl.

"What?!"

"...Lead on."

"Um...Alright..." he turns and leads him to the hanger, "Tucker should be joining us shortly."

"Sorry i'm late, got caught up in the-WHAT THE HELL?!" Tucker skids to a stop so fast he lands on his ads, and tries to scramble away. Maine picks him up by the back of the flailing soldier's armor, and looks at Wash.

"Its fine, he's going with us. We're going to the Freelancer HQ to retrieve Epsilon." Wash explains. Maine nods, and drops Tucker who looks utterly confused as he glances between the Freelancers. Wash shrugs, "Alright, Carolina gave me directions on where we need to go." He heads inside another pelican Maine, and Tucker follow him. Tucker wave goodbye to Argent while she holds Junior, and Maine salutes Carolina. As the door starts to close Travis throws something through as a wrapped bundle. Maine tilts his head, and picks it up. Tucker uses his sword to open it. Inside are two sets of Freelancer equipment, and an AI chip. Tucker picks up the chip, and Delta appears.

"Hello Agents Washington, and Maine. And Hello to you as well Private Tucker. I will be assisting you all on this mission."

Maine recognizes his super strength equipment, and plugs it into his armor. The other set Tucker picks up.

Wash nods, " Hey Delta. Know how to fly a pelican?"

"No I do not."Maine growls, and sits in the pilot seat.

" Oh..." Wash sits in the co-pilot seat.

"Hey Green Dude," Tucker holds up the other Freelancer Gear. "The fuck is this?"

"That is the equipment that allows you to change the color of your armor," Delta explains. "Most soldiers will not pay a second thought to one with a custom helmet as this is rather common, therefore this will allow you to blend among the ranks of others. Also it is one of the few Freelancer systems that does not require an AI to maintain."

The ship lifts off the ground, and Wash plugs a chip in to the console, "Agent Maine, if you will, please equip me into your armor."Maine whirls in his chair, "Hell no!"

"If I may, Washington needs his AI slot open in case he needs to upload Epsilon into his armor quickly, and Tucker does not require an AI unit. Therefore you are in most need of my functions."

" He's not Sigma," Wash says, " He'll be fine."

Maine growls as he takes Delta, and puts him in his helmet."Oh this is cool," Tucker says as he slowly shifts his armor through the entire light spectrum.

Wash puts the pelican in auto-pilot And looks through his taps Washington on the shoulder, "Hey, what color are Freelancer soldiers typically?"

" All kinds, but mostly, Blues, browns, and grays."

Tucker nods, "Okay, let me know when I'm about the right color..." He starts shifting again.

Wash sighs and nods when Tucker's armour turns white with blue accents. " There."

Delta appears, "I have a simple battle tragedy in mind. First you two will enter disguised as a Freelancer, and what's left of his squad. Once you are near enough to make a quick retrieval with Epsilon, Maine, and I will assault the base. For an escape you two will have to make your way to the motorpool to retrieve a vehicle. Be sure to Immobilize all other vehicles so we cannot be pursued."

" Alright," Wash heads to the back and loads his weapons. Tucker makes sure his energy sword is on his hip, and loads his plasma rifle. "Bring it, I got a kid waiting on me back home."

" If everything runs smoothly it should be quick." Wash says. Tucker bows his head, "Fuck, you had to go and jinx it didn't you?"

" No?..." Wash says uncertainly.

Maine hisses, and says, "Just do it."

The pelican lands and Wash steps out," Delta, who can me and Tucker pose as without suspicion?

"As stated before, you Agent Washington will be yourself, and Tucker will pose as your squad's remaining survivor in your attempts to hunt down The Meta."

" Just making sure everyone's on the same page..." Wash says and heads toward the facility.

Tucker walks behind him, rifle on standby. "I really hope this works..."

" It will." Wash says as they approach the door, he presses a button," This is Agent Washington, I have one survivor from my squad. Request to enter and report in."

/ "...Permission granted, welcome back Agent Washington." / The door slide open, and Wash walks inside," Alright, we need to head to the lab." He says lowly so no one would hear.

Tucker nods, and follows him closely. "Yo dude!" Tucker looks over his shoulder to a pair of guys in white, one of them pointing at him. The pointing guy nods, "Yeah you, where'd you get that badass rifle?"

"Huh? Oh this? A gift from a friend, pretty sweet huh?"

"Hell yeah," the other says as two walk over to have a closer look. "What is it?" Tucker pats the gun fondly, "This here is an authentic Covenant Plasma Rifle, probably used by Master Chief himself."

The first guy scoffs, "Yeah right!" Tucker looks at him, "What can I say? I got my connections. Check THIS out!" He puts the rifle on his back, and pulls out his energy sword. Both the soldiers take a step back with a "Whoa!"

Tucker nods, "Pretty sweet, huh? You find all kinds of the fun stuff when you roll with Freelancers."

The first guy groans, "Not that we would know. We've been stationed here for about a year now, and done absolutely NOTHING while all the other guys are taken on missions."

His friend nods, "What's the point of guarding this thing place? No one is crazy enough to attack here of all places."

Tucker puts the sword away, and shoulders his rifle again, "Only cuz of us bleached badasses. Chin up guys, you'll get a turn for action."

Wash gives Tucker a harsh glare, " Focus private, we're here to get ' debriefed'."

Tucker glances at him, and then says to the others, "Sorry guys, boss-man beckons." They laugh, and walk off. Tucker follows Wash, "Had to mingle a bit or they would've gotten suspicious, right?"

" Normally we just ignore them when they ask something, but whatever makes you sleep better at night."

"Oh relax Wash," Tucker grumbles, and follows they get to the lab, Wash opens the keypad," Alright...Delta, I might need you on this." Delta speaks through Wash's radio, "How may I be of assistance?"

" I need to get this door opened, I don't want to risk an alarm going off."

"As I am incapable of jumping between armor like Omega, or Alpha the best I can do is walk you through it."

Tucker says, "Or we set off the alarm... Just not here. Maine ready to attack?"

They hear a gun being cocked, and a snarl.

" I'll take that as a yes..." Wash says," Delta, set the alarm."

Outside there is an explosion, and the base rocks as the alarm goes off."I do believe Maine is one step ahead of you, Agent Washington."

" Oh, well." Wash steps back and sticks a plasma grenade on the door and ducks behind a corner as it explodes, sending the door flying.

Tucker mutters, "Could you be any louder? I got my sword dude!"

" Its already done." Wash runs into the lab," Alright look for a memory unit."

"How the fuck am I supposed to know what that looks like?! Ah, forget it, I'll just shoot anyone who comes in here."

Wash sighs, and then stops at a unit plugged in a charge station. He walks over and takes a deep breath before he plugs his armor in. Images flash through his head at hyper speed, and he can feel Epsilon forming in his mind..

"Thank you Agent Washington," Epsilon says... In the voice of The Director. A small hologram of The Director appears beside Wash, standing at attention. Wash clenches his head and stumbles against the wall.

"Sorry, just a moment..." The images slow, and then subside completely. "I had to cement myself in a single memory to hold back that flood. How are you feeling?"

" Like you set of strobe lights off..." he groans and straightens up.

"Sorry about that," Epsilon says. "Now as I recall I was meant for permanent storage. Why have you decided to plug me back into your head Agent Washington?"

" I didnt mean for you to go in my head...We're looking for the

Director. " Wash says as he walks over to Tucker, still slightly wobbly.

"I see, well, I may not know where he is, but I can think like him. Helping y'all figure it out is the least I can do for saving me."

Tucker let's Wash support himself on his shoulder, "C'mon, we gotta get to the motor pool next!"

" Right..." Wash shakes his head a little and picks up his battle rifle, he heads down a hall to the draws his sword, and starts slashing jeeps down the front, and cutting the engines in half. He saves one untouched however for their escape. Wash gets in the drivers sit," Tucker take the torrent,"

"Whoa dude, you can barely walk," Tucker says. "I'll drive, we can let The Hulk out there have fun with the turret."

" Do you know how?" Wash slides in the passages seat

"Sure I do," Tucker replies. "Wanna borrow my plasma rifle?" Wash picks up the plasma rifle and starts shooting enemies down.

Tucker floors the engine, running over a few more soldiers.

...

"Agent Maine, as you have limited ammunition for your Brute Shot I would like to point out that Turret mounted five meters to our right."Maine hisses, putting his Brute Shot on his back as he rips the Turret off its legs, and starts using it to attack the Freelancer infantry."Not what I had in mind, but just as effective.

Wash comes over the radio," Maine, status?"

Maine replies, "Having fun."

" Alright, me and Tucker have Epsilon"

"Good..." He spots the Warthog jump over a small hill while the radio blares "You're Going Down" by Sick Puppies. He sprays more bullets at his enemies before tossing his Gatling Gun aside, and grabbing the Warthog's tailgate while he swings himself up into the turret position."And away we go," Tucker whoops, headed for the Pelican.

Wash throws one more grenade And runs in the pelican once they get to it.

Tucker secures the Warthog to the the Vehicle Lift of the Pelican while Maine takes the pilot seat again, gunning the engines as they head for space. Wash sits in one of the seats in the back and takes off his helmet to rub his temples.

Tucker takes his rifle back, "Well... That wasn't so hard."

" I told you so." Wash says.

Maine rolls his eyes, and takes off his helmet. Tucker stares, "The hell?! We almost got murdered by Darth Vader?!"

Wash shoots him a glare.

"What? You were thinking it!"

I'm not thinking...my head is killing me..."

Delta appears, "When I suggested putting Epsilon in your mind I meant it as an emergency measure."

" To late now..."Wash moans in pain.

"Indeed."Delta clarifies.

Maine hisses in the cockpit. Delta nods, "Yes Maine I see it too. It appears another ship is docking in the Righteous Indignation."

" Who is it?" Wash asks looking out the back window,

"I am only reading one Spartan unit," Delta replies. "Winchester."

" Huh...I thought they'd take longer." He shrugs and puts his helmet back on.

"Dude this is fucking Master Chief we're talking about here," Tucker deadpans.

Maine looks over his shoulder, and blinks at them.

Wash nods, " I know...But still."

Delta says, "Now preparing landing sequence..."

Wash nods, and stands. Maine sets the ship down in the hangar, and tucks his helmet under his arm as he steps out. Tucker turns his armor back to normal color before following him.

On the other pelican, the back opens and Winchester walks out gripping her rifle tightly. Simmons steps out too, and jumps when he sees Maine. "HOLY-!"

Maine gives him a flat look, and just keeps walking. Carolina nods to him, and looks over the groups. "Did you get Epsilon? And where is John?"

4. Chapter 4

. There is a lemon in this chapter

...

Wash nods, " Yeah, we have epsilon ."

" Dad stayed behind, he went after Truth." Winchester replies. Simmons watches Maine walk out of the room, "You've been busy..."

Carolina nods, "Wash take Epsilon to Travis, let's see what he can do. The rest of you take some rest."

Wash nods and heads towards the lab.

Winchester turns swiftly and heads to the armory. Simmons follows her, taking off his helmet as below his battle mask folds back into his head. "He'll be fine Avaline."

" I know...But, I still can't help worrying. " she hugs her from behind, and kisses her cheek, "I love you."

" I love you too." She says and sets down her rifle Simmons turns her a bit, and kisses her on the cheek and puts her hands on his cheeks.

He smiles, "Much better."

Winchester rolls her eyes, " Uh-hu sure."

He tilts his head, "Oh don't give me that, is it really so wrong that I wanna see you smile?"

" No...I suppose not." She sets her helmet down and strips off her armour. Simmons smiles as he watches for a second, and then appropriately turns away as he starts to get out of his own armor.

Winchester looks over her shoulder at him and watches him with a small smirk. When he undoes his leg armor she sees that from the hip joints down he's metal, but she suspects he's still... Anatomically shakes herself a little and pushes her more...Complex thoughts out of mind and finishes taking off her armour.

"If you don't mind me saying... You're very beautiful Avaline."

"I know, you've told me this before..." she raises an eyebrow.

Simmons sighs, "And, as disturbing as saying this might be, I wanna make love to you... But I can't. I still don't know my body's strength, I could injure, maybe even kill you... And I won't take that risk."

Winchester nods, "...I understand. "

Simmons sighs, and as carefully as he can he reaches over to take her hand.

" Want to join the others in the rec room, or just...Sit with each other?" She asks. Simmons sits, and pulls her into his lap. His metallic arms are cold around her as he hugs her carefully, but his chest is warm. Winchester smiles, " We could do this in the Observation deck...Would have a better view than armour and guns..." Simmons nods with a smile, and pats her leg as gently as he can so he can stand up. She slides off his lap, and turns to grab at least ONE of her weapons. She grabs a pistol and a gray and orange knife. Simmons chuckles, and shakes his head slowly.

" What?" She says, giving him a bitch face.

"Nothing," he says with a chuckle.

" Alright." She turns walks for the deck," Come on."

Simmons walks after her in just his undersuit.

" So the others are your fire team now huh?" Winchester asks as they walk down a hall.

"I guess so," Simmons says. "It's nothing official, just helps keep order."

" Well Indignation could use a fireteam. I think you're qualified enough for the job." She says as they enter the Observation deck.

In front of them is nothing but darkness and stars, and couple of dim lights shine on each side of the huge room."You really think so?"

She nods with a smile," Yes, of course."

Simmons smiles, "Well... I guess. I could get used to it. Sister, and Lopez would definitely need to be on it"

Winchester shoves him in a chair and straddles his lap." Definitely.
"

Simmons raises his eyebrows, "Do you always have to be violent?"

" Sorry..." she chuckles sheepishly.

He holds her to him carefully, and kisses her cheek, "It's okay, I was just teasing."

She leans her head into his shoulder," Hey...Um, remember when Andy said I was into Kinky stuff?..."

"I...was actually about to ask you about that..."

" I uh...He wasn't lying..."

"Uh, okay... You wanna talk about it?"

" Sure?"

"Okay... like... what kind of stuff is it?"

" Bondage...Name calling, and dirty talk...Spanking."

"Ah... I see... I think..." He tries hard to ignore the bulge in his suit" Winchester smirks.

" You know, I should be proud, I give you a boner just by bending over, and talking about what I like in bed."

Fuck...

."Well... yeah, I'm a guy... that happens."he says with a blush.

" I know, but you haven't even seen me naked yet." she says with a sexual tone.

"Oh boy..." Simmons sighs

Winchester laughs," I look forward to your reaction."

Simmons sighs, "A shame about..." He raises a metal hand, and flexes it.

" Tell me, If you weren't a cyborg, would you have already pinned me against the bed?"

"Don't lump me in the same category as Tucker... but I would have made love to you by now, yes."

" Oh...Good answer. " she sighs happily." I can't wait to show you reach Reach. We have all the fun toys there."

"...Reach?"

" Yeah, its my home planet, like Earth is to you."

"...Oh my god, you really don't know..."

Winchester pulls away slightly to looks at his face," Know what?"

"Avaline... I... I don't know if I should be the one who..." He pauses... then he sighs, closing his eyes. All sexual atmosphere is lost as he says, "Reach is gone... The Covenant turned it into a barren planet while you were... away..."

Winchester stares at him," ...What?..."

"I'm sorry Avaline, but Reach is a dead planet now."

Winchester slowly slides herself off him, she stares at him then storms out of the Observation room.

Simmons balls a fist... and then slams it into a terminal, crushing it like paper.

...

Winchester kicks the door to the bridge down and stomps in. Carolina turns, "Alaska, what's the problem?"

" Why didn't you tell us Reach was destroyed?!" She snarls.

"You didn't need to know," Carolina replies evenly. "It would have made you emotionally unstable, and that would make you a liability on the battlefield."

" Well you couldn't have told me when I got back?!"

"The battle, and the war are far from over."

" So?! You still have no right to keep to from me."

"I wasn't keeping it from you, I just never told you."

Winchester glares at her and turns sharply away, before marching out.

...

Simmons sits with his head in his hands, "Why did it have to be me that told her?"

Griff walks in, "Hey dude, what's up?"

"My world just came crashing down," Simmons groans. "Reach... It was Aveline's home planet, and because Carolina never told her guess who got to break the news to her!"

"Oh...That's sucks...Have you talked to her yet?"

"Not since she stormed out of here fifteen minutes ago." "Well go after her. If it's one thing I've learned, if a girl's pissed off, always go after them."

"And how many girlfriends have you kept?"

"Two."

"Wait, you're two-timing?" He looks up at Griff.

"Huh? No, I had two good relationships, turned out one was a dude, and the other cheated."

"You were dating a dude? Whoa, when I heard your girlfriend had a dick I had assumed she was a Hermaphrodite."

"Drop the damn subject and go get your damn girlfriend." Griff snarks. Simmons nods, and stands up, "Thanks Griff, and... Sorry for helping Sarge with trying to kill you... Repeatedly."

"I'm sure you are..." Griff rolls his eyes.

...

In the training room, multiple targets pop up, then are shot down seconds later by sniper shots. Winchester stands on the other side of the room, holding her smoking rifle with no armor on. "Are any of those supposed to be me?" Simmons steps into the whirls on him, then quickly regains her nerve and lowers her rifle.

"No, of course not."

"...Are you mad at me?"

"No...I'm pissed at Carolina. We may be Spartans made for war, but we at least deserve to know that our home was destroyed. That stupid bitch never listens." She says, the grip on her rifle tightens visually. Simmons steps forward, and pulls her into a hug, grateful that his freakishly strong new limbs can insure that she stays there. Winchester stays stiff and looks to the side. "How am I going to tell Argent about this?"

"I could tell her," Simmons offers. "The doctors here put me back together once already."

" No...I'll do it...I'll just wing it. But I need you to keep everyone else out of the rec room...It might get...Teary."

"Easy enough I guess..." He bends his head down to touch his forehead to her hair, "I'm sorry this happened to youâ€¦ And thanks for not shooting the messenger."

" It wasn't your fault...It was just that there was people on that planet that didn't deserve to die." She sighs and steps away from him.

Simmons lets her go, "I guess I'll radio you when the coast is clear."

" Alright."she grabs his shoulders and kisses his kisses her back, and runs a hand over her back. She knits her fingers in his hair and puts an arm around his shoulders. He decides to take a risk, and runs a hand over her behind. Then he gets an idea."I can't do anything to you just yet," Simmons says. "But there's no reason you can't take the wheel, right?"

" I like the way you think..." she smirks.

He smiles, and picks her up, "Which way to your room?"

" Down two halls to the right."

Simmons smiles as he carries her there. Winchester nips at his ear and hugs him tighter. Simmons sits on the bed, and let's her go, "Okay, I guess I'm at your mercy." Winchester tackles him to the bed, she latches their lips together. Simmons puts his hands over his head as he returns the kiss with fervor. Winchester sits her hips down on his and rocks back and forth, creating friction between their crotchs. Simmons grips the bed sheets slowly, and closes his eyes in pleasure with a groan. She trails kisses down to his ear and reaches under him to unzip his under suit.

Simmons smiles, and lays there watching her patiently. Though a certain area of him can't be as slides the suit off his shoulders and pulls it down more. Simmons reaches up, tugging ever so gently at the neck of her suit. She reaches around her self and unzips it. "Oh man," Simmons chuckles as he gently pulls it off her. Winchester shrugs it the rest of the way off, her shoulders are lined with muscle, and covered with freckles. Covering her boobs is a simple black bra. Simmons smirks cheekily, and without thinking he rips off the bra.

Winchester smirks at him, " Just couldn't wait mmmm?" He holds up the bit of material that used to be an undergarment. Then he runs a hand over her breasts.

"I need to talk to Travis about putting some kind of nervous system in these hands..."

" That'd be nice, they are pretty soft." She gropes her boobs and rocks her hips again. Simmons has to take his hands off her as he balls his fists with a moun.

" Mmmmm...Like that?" She increases her actions and leans over him, her breasts hanging In front of her face. He nods as he balls his hands in the blanket, his eyes taking In the view of the soft mounds of flesh. Winchester rolls off him, and stands the peel her suit off her hips and legs. Simmons reaches over, running a hand over her rear, giving it a squeeze. Winchester throws the suit to the side, now in nothing but black panties.

" Take off your suit." She orders. Simmons stands, and pulls off his suit, ripping it in a few places in the process. He is all too relieved to have his seven inches free. Winchester purrs at the sight and wraps her arms around him, pressing their chests together. Simmons sighs as he lies back on the bed.

"What I would give for some weaker limbs... Wait, aren't you Spartans nearly indestructible or something?"

Winchester nods, " Yes, I wo-"

Simmons flips her over so he's on top, and kisses moans in approval of the sudden position change and spreads her legs slightly. Simmons chuckles, and drifts a hand lower, "So... What were those naughty thoughts of yours again?"

" Bondage, name calling, dirty talk, spanking." She replies

Simmons looks around the signs of materials for the former, "What kind of names? Like is there a line it would be best for me not to cross someplace?"

" Nope." She says and reaches under the bed, she pulls out a pair of iron cuffs.

Simmons blinks at them, "And... Who is supposed to wear those?"

" That depends, " She raises a challenging eyebrow, " Are you going to take the wheel and keep it?"

Simmons smirks, and nods as he kisses her again. She shoves her tongue in his mouth and stretches herself out. Simmons tongue-wrestles with her for a minute, and then cuffs one of her hands. "Turn over baby..." She does the requested command. Simmons takes her other wrist, and then seals it in the cuffs. Then he turns her over so he can pinch her nipple. "You enjoying yourself?"

She groans in response and arches her back Into the pinch. Simmons slowly lifts his hands away, "I asked if you like that you little... Whore."

Winchester pouts as his hands lift away, " Yes! I do!" Simmons smiles, and leans in, squishing her breasts as he love-bites her neck. She rolls her head back and bucks her hips under his. Simmons scoots his hips back, and puts one of her legs over his so he can rub his erection on her pussy.

"Tell me if you like it Bitch."

" I love it..." she moans slightly, her juice glistening on her lower lips.

Simmons slips a finger into her, "I can't hear you, you little slut."

" I love it!" She says louder and closes her eyes. He smirks, then Simmons surprises her by slipping his first two inches inside her. Winchester tenses, then relaxes, while spreading her legs wider.

"Wait... Have you never... Even with a toy?"

" I've tried...But, just didn't feel anything, But I DEFINITELY am now." Simmons smiles, pulls back, and sinks in about another half inch. Winchester moans and curls her cuffed fists. Simmons holds her knees, and then slowly sinks in until their hips are touching."Mmmmm, Richard..."

"Avaline," he pants. "If I get too rough... If I start to hurt you..."

Winchester tightens herself around him more," Trust me. You're not going to hurt me." She huffs out and arches her chest towards him. Simmons groans, and then starts to move his hips in a slow hums and pulls against her holds her down by the shoulders, "Tell me you love me, Whore."

"I love you..." she whimpers out and bucks her hips forward. Simmons rewards her by picking up his speed, and power. She moans and brings her hips up to meet his thrusts.

Abruptly, Simmons pulls out, and roughly turns her over so her face is on a pillow. Then he thrusts in from behind to start hammering her. Winchester curls her fists, and groans," You love my little pussy don't you?!"

Simmons reaches around, and holds her throat as he pounds her faster.

"Fuck yes I do you little bitch!" Winchester shivers in delight, then gasps, and moans loudly when he hits a bundle of nerves that makes her putty in his hands

"Ohâ€¦ Did I just find my little slut's G spot?"

" Y-yes!" She huffs out and wiggles under him. Simmons chuckles as he positions himself to continuously aim for that spot. On top of that he picks up his power a little bit, just a little.

" Mmmh! Harder!" Winchester demands.

Simmons tightens his grip on her throat, and slows down agonizingly.

"Who's the one wearing the handcuffs? You really think you can give me orders?" He doesn't know where this mean streak of his is coming from, but right now he really doesn't care. He'll think about it later. Winchester groans in disapproval and looks up at him with sparkling eyes Simmons uses his other hand to yank on her nipple lightly,

"Indulge me a bit here baby, I want to hear you beg..."

" You'll be disappointed." She smirks and wiggles her butt," If I don't get pleasure, neither will you."

Simmons smiles, and slowly starts to pull out of shifts and and bites the hand around her throat, although it doesn't do much since its made of metal. He thrusts in deep hard against her G spot, and groans in her ear,

"Got any more toys laying around we can play with bitch?"

She jerks and tightens her fists," Under the bed, in a box."

"Don't move," he says as he quickly pulls out of her and leaves her lying on her front as he looks for the aforementioned box under the bed. After that he pulls it out, setting it on the bed, and opens it.

Inside is a bottle of lube, two finger vibrators, a one sided vibrater, and another pair of cuffs. Simmonds gets an idea. He takes the other center handcuffs, and undoes the pair on Winchesters back. He then cuffs her left wrist to her right ankle, and her right wrist to her left ankle, that way the chains of the cops make an X over her back. The results also spreads her legs as he turns her over on her back. Winchester grunts at the odd position and blows her hair out of her face. Simmons puts a finger virator on each of his index fingers, and starts rolling them over her nipples as he gropes her. She moans quietly, as her nipples harden, standing out from her pale skin. Simmons smiles, "Wanna know what I'm going to do you now my little slut?"

"Fuck me? And fill me with your hot cum?" She replies hopefully and smirks at him flushed expression. "Not yetâ€¦ First I'm going to do is I'm going to take that vibrator, lube it upâ€¦ And then stick it right up your ass." He says after he regains himself, taking control back.

" Ohhhhhh...And I was hoping to ride you." She picks up the vibrator, and the lube.

"Don't worry, I got something better in mind for thatâ€¦" He slicks up the vibrator, and then turns her sideways as he Pokes it at her anus.

Winchester's muscles tense, then relax. Simmons leans over, and kisses her as he pushes the probe inside her, and flicks it on. She jumps as the vibrations course though her, then rolls her eyes back slightly. " Mmmm..."

Simmons starts to slowly plays a toy in, and out of her partway. "You wish that was my dick inside you?"

" Yes..." She says and tries to reach for him. He positions her so he can still play the vibrator in her ass, and his genitals hang in front of her face. Her tongue flicks out, and slides across the head of his member. Simmons grounds,

"Hm... Suck it bitch!" She takes the head in her mouth and suck hard.

Not exactly in a mood to wait, Simmons thrusts the rest of his cock into her mouth until his balls touch her face. She forces back her gag reflex and wraps her tongue around the throbbing flesh. Simmons groans, and pulls back and out so she can breathe before he starts to slowly thrust in her mouth. His hand goes faster with the vibrator as well.

Winchester moans, sending vibrations down his shaft, and closes her eyes. Simmons goes a little faster with his hips. "You like that?!" She says something that sounds like 'Yeah', and tightens her lip around his prick. Simmons smiles, and starts teasing his dick a little bit deeper in her mouth, wanting to shove it down her throat so that he can make her swallow it. He can feel an orgasm approaching. He starts going really fast with the vibrator, and uses his other hand to mess with her pussy with the finger vibrator.

She gladly accepts the member, and opens her throat. She moves her hips in rhythm with his hands and squirms. A bead of pre-cum slips out of his cock onto her tongue.

"Ready to drink my load slut?" She moans in response and quivers, he could tell by how much she's squirming, she was close to orgasm herself.

Three thrusts later he thrusts his whole dick down her throat, and unloads violently. Winchester swallows the thick seed as best she can and pulls against the cuffs as her own body rakes with climax. Simmons pants, and then pulls out, the last few spurts of sperm going on her face. Winchester subsides as her orgasm passes and lays back her head, her tongue poking out to lick up the drops of sperm that spurted on her chin and lips.

Simmons pants, and takes a minute to recover...

"Good for... Another round?" He asks.

"Are you?" She smirks, "What? Getting tired?"

"You wish," he chuckles, and turns her on her back. Then he opens her pussy before pushing inside her. He leaves the vibrator in her ass too so his hips push it into her as he thrusts. She moans loudly and throws back her head then wraps his arms around her, and lifts her off the bed, holding her in the air as he bounces her on his cock. Winchester smashes their lips together and grinds on him.

"Yesss~ Fuck me!" Winchester purrs.

In Simmons mind the parts that aren't taking up processing this pleasure are thinking that this is possibly the best idea he has ever had. Winchester pulls against her cuffs, "You know, let my hands go, and I can blow your mind..." she whispers in his ear. Simmons smiles, and whispers back in her ear,

"I promise to buy you new ones." Then with one hand he breaks the chains on the cuffs. She flips them over so she's on top, and bites his ear as she slams herself down on him tightening up around him more, if possible. Simmons reaches around her with a loud groan, and puts a hand on the back of the vibrator in her ass. That way even in this position she's getting double fucked.

Winchester moves her hips in a 'C' motion and bends down to play with his balls. Simmons groans, and gives her ass a smack. Winchester gasps at the slight sting, and bounces harder.

"Oh, does the bitch like getting spanked?!" He slaps her again.

" Uh! Yes! I love my ass slapped!" She says, " Please again!"

"Naughty little whore," he growls, and slaps her a little harder as he uses his other hand to start forcing his cock deeper in her.

"Mmmm...Yeah, but I'm your little whore." She pants and bucks her hips.

Simmons gets stiffer inside her when he hears her say that, and he groans as he smacks her ass again.

" Mm! Does it turn you on when I say i'm yours? That you're the only one allowed to fuck my pussy and ass?" She growls in his ear.

"Yeah," he growls back as he squeezes her breast harshly. "Say it again."

" I'm yours! I'm your little Slut!"

He feels absolutely rigid inside her as he starts to buck his hips into her so hard that with every upward thrust she is lifted off the mattress. Winchester throws her head back.

" D-Dick..." she moans out his name.

"Ava... Line!" He grunts, and cries out as his next load shoots right up her pussy. Winchester quivers at the feeling, and yells out as her juices squirt against his stomach. Simmons groans, and lets his hips drop back to the bed, pulling her down with him. Then he smiles, and laughs quietly. Winchester pants and smiles widely.

"Man... I just... Found... Another... Upside to... Being...A Cyborg."

" And what would that be?"

"No muscles in my legs to wear out," he says with a smirk. "Which means I might have a few more rounds in me..."

" Only a few?" She grins and moves her hips, " I'm disappointed."
"

Simmons smirks, "Well I haven't had the chance to find out just how many rounds I have in me... Shall we find out?"

" That we shall..." she smiles and kisses his lips.

Suddenly, there's a loud boom that rocks the sits up, "What the slag?!" Winchester quickly stands, sliding herself of him, and pulling the vibrator out. She grabs her discarded under suit and puts

it on as the alarms come on. Simmons pulls on his suit, and his battle mask covers his lower face by unfolding from his jaw, at the same time black lenses come from the crescents around his eyes to cover his eyes. Winchester heads for the armoury, with her pistol raised.

Down the hall, there's loud stomping. Simmons turns his head towards the stomping, and takes a kickboxing stance. "I'll handle this, you pack some firepower."

Around the corner, two elites and a group of grunts emerge . Winchester sighs,

" I'll handle the elites, YOU get the grunts." She cocks her pistol.

"I didn't hear you call Dibs," Simmons chuckles as a three inch spike extends from the knuckles of each of his fists. Then he charges them head on.

Winchester blinks and runs after him, "I find that highly unfair." She kicks a grunt into a wall, cracking its skull, and shoots two of them, while breaking the neck of another. One of the elites jabs with an energy sword, but Simmons dodges to the side while stabbing him in the arm. He snatches the plasma pistol off its hip, and shoots the other as it raises a plasma rifle at runs up behind the elite and stabs it through the face. Simmons grabs a grunt by the head, and picks it up to look it in the face.

"...Boo." Then he throws it at an elite. The elite roars as it ducks, and is quickly shut up when a knife flies through the air, lodging itself between its eyes. Winchester lowers her arms and dusts herself off. "Think these guys were with the Arbiter?" Simmons looks up at her.

" Maybe, he was after Junior."

"We better get our armor on," Simmons says. "I'm really ticked at these assholes for interrupting the best time of my life..."

Winchester laughs, " Don't worry. I'll make it up. She winks and takes off running again, " Come on!"

...

When they get to the armory they see Argent strapping Needler clips to her belt. "Sheila, I'm sorry, but I would rather not risk you in battle again. Please... I'll be fine I'll just talk Winry into letting me use Andy."

" No argument there." Winchester says as she walks in with Simmons. Argent looks over,

"Oh there you guys are! Hey where's Andy?"

Winchester picks up her helmet.

" Here." She throws it to Argent. Argent grabs it, and puts the AI chip in her own helmet.

"Hey Andy, ready to blow off some steam?"

" Sure! Dose it involve her and a bed?!" He appears and points at Winchester," I have to admit, I love red heads! I hear they're real fun in the bedroom!" He shots Simmons a smug look.

"Not this time," Argent replies. "And no offense to either of them, but I just don't see me doing Winry. She's like my sister or something." She picks up her gravity hammer, "Hey Elites! Mine's bigger than yours!"

Winchester snatches her helmet of the table, now in full armor, and puts in on, the air lock hissing shut. She walks over to her weapons rack, and picks up her sniper rifle, energy sword, pistol and stealths her knife to the back of her hips. Simmons suits up grabbing some sticky frags, a pair of pistols, and assault rifle, and his rocket launcher.

" Where's Griff, Tucker, Sister, and Sarge at?" Winchester asks.

"Holed up on the Bridge with Wash, and Carolina," Argent replies. "Maine took Travis to the engine room to get our security systems, and stealth processors back online."

" Alright." Winchester nods, " Ready?"

Argent loads up her Needlers, and with a twirl slings them on her hips before she draws her hammer,

"I was MADE ready!"

Winchester shoots her a look, before running out of the armory. " Alright, you said the main fight was up on the deck?"

"The Elites have them cornered there. I think they're after Junior again." Argent says

" Then lets bring the fight to them." Winchester says as she cocks her rifle.

"A bottleneck," Simmons agrees, shouldering his rocket launcher. When they get to the deck, the sound of plasma shooting and bullets shooting hit their smirks,

" I've missed that sound. Okay, Argent, take the left side, Simmons take the right, I'll take the middle."

Simmons nods, and offers her his rocket raises her rifle,

" No need, this will just be practice. " she whirls on the elites in the middle and takes down four of them with headshots within seconds. Simmons nods, and fires a rocket down the hall as Argent runs right into the firefight with her equipment activated. Winchester fades from sight, and runs up the middle, taking down elites left and right.

Griff peaks around a corner, " There they are! Its about damn time!" Argent grabs an Elite, and breaks it over her knee,

"Having fun up in there Andy?"

"Yep!" He laughs darkly. She draws a Needler, shoves it in the mouth of an Elite, and repeatedly pulls the trigger, making spikes out of the back of its head. "Lookie! I made a hedgehog!"

"Focuses Argent." Winchester says and snaps the neck of another elite.

"Focus on yourself, I'm fine," Argent throws a grenade, and clicks on her radio, "Ace, what's your stats?"

"Pinned down Queens," Carolina replies. "Hostiles have us cornered, and Joker confirmed an Arbiter sighting."

"Where?" Winchester grunts as one plasma shot hit her armour, making her shields drain slightly.

"Unknown, he took Dealer to our vulnerable point," Carolina replies.

"And where is that?"

Argent calls, "I told you before we started for this clusterfuck!"

"You did?" Winchester shots two more enemys down. "Duh! The engine room!"

"Alright! Sheeze! You and Simmons handle these jerks, I'll be back."

"I got these," Simmons says as he grabs a Grunt, and knocks an Elite out with it.

Winchester nods, and runs off the deck to head for the control room.

...

In the engine room, Arbiter shoves Travis forward. "Shut them down."

"Okay! Okay! It's not as easy as flipping a switch though! I have passcodes, and encryptions..."

"Do it." He growls and raises his energy sword threatenly. Across the room Maine snarls threateningly at him as he holds the gash in his armor. "Silence." He growls his way.

Up on top of the engines, Winchester crouches, planning out a route. Argent peeks from a shadow, and looks up at Winchester while making a fist with one hand, and patting the handle of her strike for them, Argent goes in like a tank while Winchester picks them off. The two elites behind Arbiter drop dead, and he quickly spins around with his plasma pistol jumps down from her hiding spot, rifle trained between Arbiters eyes. "I suggest lowering your weapons unless you want lead for dinner." Argent steps from the shadows with her Needlers trained on him,

"With other assorted pointed things for dessert. Remember me Ass-Biter?"

" Demons!" He snarls and glares at them,

"No, but close." Winchester snarks, " Why are you here!?"

Argent growls, "You're still after my son, aren't you?" Arbiter nods,

" I do not wish to harm him."

"Maybe not intentionally, but Tucker told me what you told him," Argent says firmly. "And if you ignite those Halo Rings Junior won't be the only one to die!"

" The rings will turn us into gods-"

" Bullshit." Winchester interrupts, " Halo is a weapon, your Prophets are making a big mistake."

Arbiter tilts his head, that's same thing the green Demon had told him. Argent takes a step closer, "Think about it Arbiter, if there was a race great enough to build those rings then they could have survived this long to tell you how to work them, and probably take you to your gods themselves. So where are they now? Maybe your prophets don't know, or maybe they don't care. Either way if those rings go off it's gonna be universal genocide."

" Those rings were designed to kill the flood, and the only way to do that was to kill off their food source, all living things." Winchester adds on. Arbiter slowly lowers his weapons and stands straight.

"Meaning you, me, Junior... Everyone," Argent says as she lowers her Needlers. "Arbiter, I can see it in your eyes that you're not a bad guy, not even a little sadistic... Please stop this."

" There's still time to stop the key from tuning. You have bigger things to worry about than us." Winchester urges. Arbiter thinks in over, before nodding.

Argent nods, "Great! And while we're on the same page..."She grabs the Arbiter by the chest plate, and punches him across the face before she starts shaking him wildly. "WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL WITH ATTACKING OUR SHIP ALL FOR NOTHING?! THIS IS OUR HOME DAMMIT, WHO DO YOU THINK HAS TO FIX IT?! ME! IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN JUST DOCK AT ANY U.N.S.C. FACILITY FOR REPAIRS! THE U.N.S.C. ISN'T EVEN SUPPOSED TO KNOW ANYONE ON THIS SHIP EXISTS!"

Winchester puts her rifle on her back and crosses her arms. Arbiter prys her off and holds her up by the back of her armor like as kitten. Argent flails in the air as he holds her off the ground by the back of her armor, "YOU HOME WRECKER! PUT ME DOWN SO I CAN KICK YOUR ASS!"

Winchester grabs Argent and holds her back, then glances at the elite, " Now why don't you call off your forces?"

Travis helps Maine get to his feet, and supports him to a nearby

emergency med-kit. Argent rips off her helmet so he can see her face, "And you had better have insurance or I'll sue your ass for a hit-and-run! Right Andy?"

" Or we'll strap a bomb to ya!" Andy laughs, " ...Or the Sue thing, that works to!" Arbiter tilts his head at Winchester, who shrugs. Argent turns her helmet around to look at Andy, "Hey not a bad idea! I bet we could get Tex to..." She trails off, and smirks evilly as she looks up at the Arbiter. "You know, you owe us for wrecking our ship, and for stopping you from wiping out the Covenant... And I got a favor in mind that might make us even..."

"Very well." Arbiter says.

"There is a certain soldier down on the surface named Agent Texas, or Tex for short. We're in the middle of a mission that could really use her help. We'll send you down with some of our guys to get her back." Argent smirks at Andy, "And she can be quite a handful..."

" That is all?" Arbiter blinks.

Winchester shakes her head, " Honesty, you have no idea. "Maine walks over as Travis fills the gash in his armor with a healing gel, "I will go too." The former freelancer says.

Argent gapes, "WHAT THE-?! Since when do you talk?! I thought you were shot in the throat about a dozen times!"

Travis gives her a dirty look, "That's rude..." Winchester punches her in the arm, " Argent!" She hisses, then turns to Maine, " I don't believe we've properly met, I'm Avaline Winchester, Also known as Agent Alaska, and Queens." She hold out her hand. Maine shakes her hand with a light growl, and Delta appears in the air beside him. "Hello Agent Alaska, I am the AI fragment Delta. Maine has been equipped with armor that allows him to turn chosen thoughts into speech, however he is not much of a talker either way."

Argent rubs her arm, and wipes a tear as she holds out her own hand, "I'm Kate Argent, agent Tennessee, and Ten." Maine shakes her hand too, a little rougher than needed.

Winchester nods, " Hello, Delta." She says, then pauses and sighs, " Travis, take Arbiter and everyone else up on deck, I need to speak with Argent privately." Maine picks up his Brute Shot, and snarls. Delta shakes his head, "No I don't think "knocking heads" would help with the diplomacy of this joint venture." Maine says something back as Travis leads the others out.

Argent turns to her BFF, "What's up?"

Winchester pulls her in a tight hug, " Reach is gone."

Argent freezes, "...What?"

She tightens her hug on her friend, " Reach is gone, its a barron plant now."

Argent shivers, "No... No..." She hugs Winchester as her legs give out, "No! No! It's not true, it can't be!" Winchester eases them to the ground and hangs her head, " The covenant destroyed it while we

were missing. I'm so sorry Argent."

Argent buries her face in Winchester... And then she starts to cry. "Our home... Our only real home... It's gone... That creek you saved me from drowning in... That tree you got me down from... It's all really gone...?" She sobs loudly into her, and grips her takes off her helmet and rubs her back with a sad expression, " Hey... It'll be okay..."

She just continues to cry brokenly in the deep shadows of the battle cruiser.

...

Delta turns to Wash, "Maine and I agree that the following team should be sufficient to retrieve Agent Texas: The Arbiter, Agent Maine, Fireteam Leader Simmons, Private Griff, Private Tucker, and Private Caboose."

Wash turns to Carolina, " Its your call."

Carolina has her eyes closed, and arms crossed. "Fine." Delta turns to the Arbiter,

"There was a bitter rivalry between these two back in Project Freelancer, however I believe they will set this aside long enough go bring down the project's Director."

Arbiter nods. " The other two won't be joining us?"

"Negative," Delta replies. "They are currently mourning their home planet Reach. As they both went missing for a period of nine months neither were aware to the Covenant's devastation of Reach until recently. Sending them into the field now would be an extremely poor error of judgement."

Arbiter tightens his jaws, he was apart of that...But they don't need to know that.

Griff groans " Do I HAVE to go?" Maine turns to him, and cracks his knuckles. Delta flashes over to them, "We believe as many familiar faces as possible will coax Agent Tex into a nonviolent state of mind. However we must prepare for a fight while at the same time not bringing too many people with us. If we were to bring a small army then no doubt her training would sic her on them."

Griff swallows heavily, " U-uh...I mean when do we leave?"

"Three minutes, and 24 seconds," Delta replies, and vanishes.

Simmons pats his back, "Still got those Hand Busters that Argent gave you?"

"The whaty- what's?"

Carolina picks up what looks like a pistol with a grenade on it. "A hand-held bunker buster," she explains, and shoots it at a tank. It latches on, and a few seconds later the while tank explodes.

"Oh! That thing! I lost that awhile ago..."

Carolina jerks a thumb at some crates, "I'd suggest packing a few, no telling what you might need against Tex."

Griff walks over the the crate and pulls out two of them, then looks up as Winchester enters the room, "Hey, I thought you were mopping with Argent." Winchester gives him a look that has him cringing back, "Shes in her room talking with Sheila. And Your mistake is putting me in the same category as Argent. I'm not going to mourn, Reach is gone, nothing I can do, might as well move on."

Delta tilts his head back, "...Arbiter, I think it would be a good idea for you to return to our ship once your mission is completed. My study of Agent Tennessee's metal profile suggests severe consequences if you do not."

"Understood." Arbiter responds and draws his energy sword.

Simmons makes sure his weapons are all loaded, "Where's our target?"

Epsilon appears next to Wash, "More than likely the Director would have kept Texas someplace safe, someplace only accessible to him, and the other Freelancers, yet not a well-known location. There is a storage facility that fits the bill, I'll transmit the coordinates to Delta."

"Thank you Epsilon," Delta says.

Simmons nods, "Alright, ready to go see your girlfriend Church?"

Church appears, "Now that I know she didn't get blown up, yeah!"

Delta, and Epsilon eye him with shock, and together they say, "Alpha!"

Simmons glances at them, "Oh yeah, forgot about that part..."

"Um...What?" Church says, puzzled and glances at Simmons.

"Well, from what I've learned these two along with all the other fragments used to be a part of you Church... Until the Director tortured you, and splintered parts of your personality into fragments. I thought you're the one that told me this stuff before the ship blew up."

Delta nods, "I am Delta, a representation of your logic, and reasoning abilities."

Epsilon snaps a salute, "And I'm Epsilon, your memories."

"But if you're fragments of me...Then how am I standing here right now...Okay, not really standing...but, floating?"

Delta replies, "Naturally the Director had some method of repairing you after each Fragment was harvested. However Sigma was the only one to witness this, and he is in no position to share his knowledge, nor

will he ever be."

" So...Where's the rest of me? Were there any more that survived? " Church asks.

Epsilon replies, "Well Theta, your childhood innocence, is still in recovery. As for the others they're still uncertain." Delta says, "As far as I know since Gamma, your skills of deception, was destroyed with Wyoming, the only remaining active Fragment is Omega. Assuming he survived the destruction of that Pelican anyhow. And it shouldn't surprise you to know that Omega was your anger personified."

" Yeah...Kinda figured that out on my own..." Church sighs.

" Hey, hate to break up the reunion, but you guys were suppose to leave three minutes ago." Winchester says.

"Actually we have forty-five seconds remaining," Delta replies. "And it is important to have a self-aware Alpha for any unforeseen circumstances we may run in to."

Epsilon rubs his chin, "...Carolina, may Agent Washington and I accompany them on this mission as Support?" Carolina eyes him suspiciously, and then nods. Wash puts his helmet on and grabs his battle rifle off his disappears as dose Epsilon, and Delta. Maine takes the cockpit.

Simmons hugs Winchester, and kisses her, "Take care of Argent... And if Tex doesn't tear me a new one maybe I'll have something for you when I get back." He winks.

Winchester nods, " Yeah, right." She says with a light rolls his eyes at the two and drags Caboose inside the pelican.

Caboose waves at Carolina, " Goodbye mean lady!"

Carolina calls, "Church, since you know Tex the best you're in charge of this mission."

" Uh...Okay, I guess..." he replies. Winchester watches the ship go and sighs.

Simmons stands as the ship banks towards the planet, "Hey Church, think we should brief Arbiter on the target? And maybe Caboose too? Hell, for all we know she could have gotten worse since Wash knew her."

" I think it'll be fine, We'll just tell her that we finally found Argent and Win."

"Before or after she beats us into paste?" Simmons sighs, "Alright, whatever..."

Fifteen minutes later the ship comes to a landing. Epsilon appears, "Alpha, Delta, I need to run an idea by you both."

" Alright. " Church shrugs and zips over to them.

As Delta appears Epsilon says, "The Fragments didn't come into being until after Texas joined the Freelancer Units... How good of a chance

is it that she is actually a Fragment herself?"

Delta computes this, "...Unable to decide, not enough relevant data."

"Tex is a A.I. she's based off someone from the Director's life, someone he loved." Church explains. Epsilon nods, "Yes, but with your memories I can impersonate anyone I have a memory of, including the other Fragments. What if Tex was the Director's memories of Alison condensed into an AI?"

"Unless it followed the same procedure as our creations, I doubt that qualifies her as a Fragment," Delta says.

"She's not a fragment." Church snaps.

"Calm down Alpha," Epsilon says. "It was just a thought."

Delta turns to Church, "Moving on, Maine would like to scout ahead with Griff, and Simmons once we enter. First however we will need Epsilon to open the facility for us."

"Alright, fine." Church says and disappears, as he does, Simmons armor buzzes with power.

Simmons nods as he walks up to a wall, "So... Where's the door?"

"This is a secure facility only authorized personnel may enter, please, exit this area." A familiar voice says from behind everyone.

Simmons whirls, "What the-?! Sheila?!"

"This is a secure facility, Please exit the area." She repeats.

Epsilon appears, "Stand down Phillis, and open the front door please."

The doors slides open, "Welcome back Director...Strange, my banks show you inside as well as on the outside..."

"Thank you Phyllis, and I will be sure to alert maintenance about the glitch in your memory units," Epsilon replies.

"Thank you, I will notify everyone that you have guests also." Phillis replies.

"Negative Phillis," Epsilon says. "I'm here under the radar today, alert no one to the presence of me, or my company. Am I understood?"

"Yes Sir."

Maine growls softly he walks in with Simmons. Simmons says, "Well let's go guys."

After the others enter, the door slides shut." So where do we even begin to look?" Griff asks. Maine takes point, and gestures for the others to follow. Around a few corners it leads to a huge open room

with lots of containers.

Simmons gives a low whistle. "Whoa..."

Epsilon flickers, "I remember this place..."

Simmons nods, "Alright then. Maine, maybe you should wait here since the last time Tex saw you was as The Meta. Wash, Griff, and I will follow Epsilon. Maybe you guys can find some stuff around here we could use."

Maine glances at the Arbiter, and then nods. Arbiter nods back, then looks over his shoulder at a yell.

" OH MAN LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTONS!" Tucker shouts, "Caboose if you touch any buttons, and something drops on my head I will fucking kill you! Don't help me in any way, got it?!"

" Bit...Buttons..."

"We don't have time for this," Simmons says, and starts walking down a hallway Griff sighs and walks down another hall, Arbiter does the same. Simmons turns to Wash, and Epsilon leads the four of them down a hall to a door. Simmons opens it, and inside is a bunch of Church robots."Wow... Hey Church, wanna grab one of these? Might wanna wait until after we cool down Tex though."

" Yeah...It'll be nice to have my own body again..." Church says.

"I thought you said it was cozy in my head," Simmons says as he spots a open lacrosse the room, and heads for it.

" Well yeah...But... My OWN body, I can't run around, when I'm in your head."

,"Good point, we'll grab one for you before we take off." He throws a switch on the side of the pod, and it opens with a hiss, revealing a black armored figure covered in ice...Simmons leans in to pull her free, but twin lights from her helmet come on, Next there's a shattering sound, the sound of metal on metal, and then Simmons is sent sliding across the floor into the Arbiter. "â€| Yupâ€| We found her." Tex pulls herself free of the ice, and hops out onto the floor. Arbiter glances down at him, then up at Tex. Tex punches a fist into her hand, and cracks her neck.

"You have no idea what kind of trouble you're in..."

" Ah shit..." Griff curses.

5. Chapter 5

Tucker looks up as he hears Simmons shouting, "RUUUUUUUUNNN!"

" OH CRAP! WHERE IS SHE?" Griff yells.

"I DON'T WANNA DIE! I FINALLY GOT LAID!" Simmons runs out the hall with the others on his tail.

" AND Probably THE ONLY TIME!" Griff shouts

Delta appears beside Maine, "We are being pursued by Tex equipped with Omega, requiring immediate assistance!"

Arbiter comes around the corner with his plasma rifle raised. Tex comes flying from the shadows, and slams into him feet first, knocking him to the ground as she rolls off him while giving chase to the others. Arbiter slides on his back and growls before jumping to his pants as they hide in a group of crates, "What are going to do!?"

Simmons looks at him, "Omega can't be reasoned with so we should just fight. Otherwise she'll just pick us off one by-"BAM! Tex's hand comes through a metal wall, grabbing Simmons by the throat."One," he squeaks as she slams his face into the wall, and then kicks it so it pins him to a crate. Then she turns to face Griff, and Washington.

Wash takes a stance, while Griff pales, "Uh-oh..."

Tex charges, and at the last second slides between both their legs, punching Griff in the crotch as she goes. She jumps up behind him, kicking Griff into Wash. Griff squeaks and Wash shoves him off as he stands again, "Alright, Church, you better hurry..." he mumbles Tex tackles Wash through two walls, and sends him flying into a pyramid of barrels. Simmons kicks the wall off him, "Arbiter, Maine, Tucker, we need backup!"

Arbiter turns invisible, and sneaks on top of a crate. Wash picks up one of the barrels and throws it at rolls under the barrel, and punches him in the gut. Then she grabs him by the helmet, and slams a knee in his face before sending him flying with a roundhouse kick. She snaps her head to the side as Maine tries to flip a crate onto her. She jumps, ricocheting off another crate before running over the one Maine flipped while it's in motion. Then she jumps again, coming down on him with a punch that knocks him to the ground. She picks up something on her proximity sensors, and kicks Maine's pistol off his hip into her hand. Then she whirls, firing three shots at The Arbiter up on his crate. Arbiter's suit buzzes as the shields take the hits. Griff stand and fires at her with his battle rifle, stumbling a bit. Tex spins to the side, taking shelter behind a crate. Omega appears next to her, and they nod before she turns invisible. Simmons looks around as he stands behind Griff. "Caboose, Tucker, Wash, where are you guys?"

"I'm by the line of teleporters." Wash waves up from the control room.

Tucker runs into view, "What's up?" Then Tex hits him from behind, and takes his plasma rifle. Simmons locks on with his rocket launcher, and fires. Tex shoots the rocket from midair.

Up In the control room Caboose panics, "We have to help them! Is there some sort of turret or explody fiery thing.?!"

"That would be outside the boundaries of my standard safety protocols," Phillis replies. "I cannot do that."

"But she'll kill them!" Caboose argues

Phyllis says joyfully, "Oh that would be wonderful! What a successful test!"

Back in the fight, Maine gets to his feet, and shoots his Brute Shot at her. Tex grabs the projectile from the air, and throws it at the Arbiter."

Arbiter ducks under it and throws a plasma stands just as Tex ducks, and the grenade catches him in the chest. "...Aw crap."

BOOM!

" Is there anything to stop her?!" Griff groans.

Suddenly, something hits the side of Tex's head," Hey Tex, why don't you pick on someone your own size?"

Tex looks down, and sees an old sentinel body, and then looks up at the speaker. Church stands holding his in-famous sniper rifle. Caboose perks," Church! "

Tex balls her fists until her knuckles pop, and then she kicks the sentinel, bouncing it off Church's face. Then she dashes over, grabbing his neck, the sentinel from the air, and repeatedly beating him over the head with it.

" Ow! Ow!" Church grabs her wrist and tries to pry it off. But alas she's too strong...

" OW! OW! Stop! Tex! You are embarrassing me!" Church whines.

" Should we help him?" Arbiter asks.

Griff waves it off," Nah, they have some catching up to do." Maine snarls, and puts his Brute Shot on his back. Simmons touches his helmet, "Ascension to Righteous Indignation, we found Tex... Alive and well." He turns on the video feed in his eye-lenses so they can see.

"Good...Why is she beating up Church with an Oracle?" Winchester answers.

"He threw at her... As she was kicking our asses... Uh, how's Argent doing?"

" She's doing better... but we'll get through it."

"Glad to hear it... Uh, I'm starting to wish you had held off telling her for maybe a few hours though, just long enough to handle Tex. We've got Maine, but we could use a juggernaut."

" Would you like more ?"

"That'll take too long..."

" Just a suggestion..." Winchester grumps.

Tucker clears his throat, "Hey Caboose! Church could really use your help right about now!"

" What holds up that crate?" Caboose point to a crate that hangs over Tex and Church.

"Mechanical controls are on the right of the consol," Phillis informs him.

" Beep boop!" Caboose presses the buttons and drops the crate.

Tex looks up, "...Aw crap."

Church also looks up as it falls," Come on! I just got th-

SMASH!

Simmons walks over to the crate, and rips open a side of it, "No worries Church, there were a ton of them back-

WHAM!

Church is thrown into Simmons, and Tex steps out of the hole.

" Ah fuck that didn't work!" Church curses from his mangled body.

"I knew that would not work," Phillis says. "Agent Texas is a bit of a badass." Tex turns, and grabs the container. It groans as she lifts it over her head, and throws it at the group.

" Oh shit!" Griff curses.

Arbiter comes around a corner just in time to see the crate come at them. Tucker scoffs," Don't worry guys I got this!" He draws his sword and slices the crate in half," Annnnnnnnd swish!"

Half of the container slams into Griff while the other slams into the Arbiter. Simmons, and Church are hurried under a pile of Med Kits.

Tucker turns towards them,"Ah fuckberries," he glance back over at Tex," Hey Tex-

Before he can continue she Spartan Kicks him in the face. Tucker stumbles back and grunts," Alright that's it! Come here!" He charges at her with his sword and slashes at her, " Swish swish!"

She ducks under his first slash, upper cutting him. Then dodges limbo style before kicking him in the chest. " Ow fuck!" He cures and stabs at her," Stab!"

She twirls to to the side, grabbing his arm, and twisting behind his back, kicking him away as she takes his sword. Tucker stumbles through a teleporter, then falls through another one that's in front of Tex. She grabs him by the throat, and raises the sword just as the blade flickers out.

" What's the matter Tex?! Having trouble keeping it up? Don't worry, it happens to the best of us!" Tucker grabs her wrist. Tex drops the sword, and pins him to a crate before wailing on him. Then she grabs him, tosses him up, and kicks him into a teleporter.

"YOU STUPID BI-" Tucker yells as he falls, then flies out of another teleporter," ITTTTCHHH! OMPH!" He grunts as he hits the ground.

Maine pulls the container off the Arbiter, and looks over to see Tucker coated in black residue from the teleporter. He points with a snarl.

" There she is get her!" Griff yells and charges at Tucker, who looks up" Huh?!"

Maine runs over too as Simmons blinks, "Wait guys-!" His words fall on deaf ears as the two of them start to beat up Tucker.

" Ow! Ow!" Tucker rolls in on himself to block the hits and kicks." Same team Same team!"

Maine pauses, but then continues to beat on Tucker, putting him in a headlock, and bashing a fist in his face. " Ow! Stop it!" Tucker struggles. Griff stumbles away, out of breath.

Simmons shouts, "Maine, hold on! I think that's Tucker, not Tex!" Maine looks up at Simmons, and then gives Tucker one more punch before letting him go.

" Ow you fucker!" Tucker complains.

Delta says, "Apologies, Maine was convinced that Tex may have been using a voice changer, however since you failed to break his grip he now believes otherwise."

" Gee, thanks." Tucker spits and looks down at himself, " Uh, what the hell is this black shit?!"

"Apparently you use too much buffing was on your armor," Delta replies. "And in layman's terms, you burned it by going through the teleporter."

" What? That's stupid..." Tucker gets to his feet.

Tex pokes her head through a teleporter that comes out on the ground behind Tucker. She looks up, grabs him by the back of his leg armor, and pulls him through. Then she tosses him on the ground, rolling on top of him so she is straddling his midsection, and starts to punch him across the face.

" Ow! Ah! Right into the mount huh?" Tucker smirks behind his visor. She just punches him harder, and harder." Not even gonna buy me dinner?!" Tucker laughs.

Simmons kneels by the Arbiter, "You alright? Where the fuck is Wash...?"

Arbiter slowly gets to his feet," I believe he went through a series of Grav lifts."

"Didn't figure Wash was the kind to bail on us," Simmons mutters. Maine steps up beside the Arbiter as Tex kicks Tucker into the air, and then punches him so hard that the burnt wax is left behind in a black cloud, leaving Tucker all aqua again. Maine looks down as

Tucker lands beside him, "She knocked the black right off you..."

" That's racist. ..." Tucker snaps and stands.

Simmons locks on again with his rifle, "FIRE IN THE HOLE!"He shoots, and Tex starts running. She jumps through a teleporter, swinging from the top of it as she pops out of another one laying on the floor. The rocket follows close behind her as she bolts for their group.

" Are you fucking kidding me?! RUN!" Tucker bolts to his left bit runs straight into Griff. Simmons backs up, running into the other two as Tex punches a hand, and then slams her fist into them, clothes-lining Simmons, Tucker, Arbiter, and Maine. Then she slides between Griff's legs as the missile closes in.

Griff hands flys to his crotch," Oh god!"

The rocket flies harmlessly between his legs.

He huffs out a breath of relief," Thank god I thought I wa-"

He looks behind him to see the badass in black jump into a teleporter on the floor as the rocket is seconds away from hitting a pile of barrels." Oh shit!" He takes off running as the barrels explode, sending debris everywhere. A piece of metal flys out and under Griff, sending him in the air.

The force of the explosion sends burning shrapnel at the others too, and sending them sprawling. Behind them Tex rolls out of a teleporter, and into a kneeling position. With a glance upwards she calmly adjusts a concrete divider, and then puts her hands on her hips. Griff screams as he falls and slams right on the slab...Between his legs." Why don't you just kill me?..."he whines as he falls to the side.

"Pathetic,"Omega says as Tex turns to Arbiter, and walks over.

Arbiter gets in a crouching stance and growls at her."Who are you?"

" The Arbiter." He says as he stands.

"Ah..." Tex nods, and switches back to her normal voice. "I know that term well... the last Arbiter killed the one I was designed to replace. Alison Texas, Space Marine Medic."

" I am the will of the Prophets...Or was." Arbiter says."Will this, motherfucker," she presses her gun into his eye.

Arbiter knocks it out of her hands and jumps jumps with him, roundhouse-kicking him in the chest hard enough to embed him in the crate.

Phyllis says, "Shall I initiate armor-lock sequence?"

Caboose nods," Yes! Do the Armour-...Lunchable- thingy..."

"Now locking all rogue armors." Tex's fist is centimeters from Arbiter's jaw when a white aura sparks over her armor, freezing her

solid.

Tucker slowly comes from around a corner," What the hell?"

" YES I AM THE BEST! I BEAT UP A GIRL!" Caboose yells happily," I SAVED EVERYONE!"

Simmons nods, "Yeah great job Caboose! Wait, all rogue armor units?" Suddenly Tucker, Church, and Griff are frozen too.

" Rgh! Can't...move..." Tucker grouns,

Griff sighs," God...Damnit...Caboose..."

Simmons looks himself over, "...Guess my armor doesn't have that function."

Caboose snaps out of his rant," I did-not my fault! The computer lady made me do it!"

Simmons looks at the still immobile Tex. "...Caboose you're a genius!"

" Not my fa- I am?!" Caboose tilts his head.

"Yeah you just gift-wrapped Tex for us. We'll just load her on the Pelican like this, then when we get back well fix her there."

" Okay!" Caboose says.

" And what about us?!" Griff says.

"Same thing, we'll shut yours off as soon as we get to the ship," Simmons says.

" I hate you..." Griff mumbles.

"I know. Hey Caboose, come start carrying these guys to the ship!" Simmons walks over to the Arbiter, and starts pulling him free, "So how was THAT for a Demon?"

" Worse, consider the circumstances. " Arbiter replies,

" Where did Wash go?" Tucker asks looking around the room with his eyes, since he can't move.

As if on cue, Wash flies through a teleporter, covered in black soot," Holy...hell..." he huffs out.

"Welcome back," Simmons says slowly gets to his feet,

" Ow...I hate teleporters..."

" Welcome to my world." Tucker mutters.

"Hey would you mind carrying Tex?"

" Huh?...Oh." he nods," Sure."

"And Maine... Maine?" Simmons looks over to see him armor locked. "Uh

Wash, does your armor...?"

" I don't kn-" he stops on mid- sentence as his armour locks up, " Son..of..a Bitch..."

Simmons groans, "Well... Let's get to work..."Caboose trots down the stairs, " I will get Agent Washingtub and the mean lady!"

"I got Church, and Griff. I guess that leaves you with Maine, Arbiter. And before we take off we should see if there's anything here worth taking with us."

" Okay!" Caboose says And picks up Wash and sighs," Fuck this, Simmons I'm moving back in!"

"Okay," Simmons puts a hand on him. "I'll grab you another body from the room."

" Alright." Church jumps to Simmons and the robot body falls over, still frozen I'm the same runs back in the room and picks up Maine over his head, then walks over to Arbiter, who glares at him," I'm not froze."

Simmons stares, "Jeez Caboose, were you fed Human Growth Hormone as a kid?!"

" I don't know what that means, so I'm just going to nod and and Yes." He nods, " Yes."

"Makes sense," Simmons says as he starts looking through appears, "Phillis, deactivate Armor Lock on all units except for Agent Texas please."

" Affirmative. " Everyones armor unlockes. Griff sighs in relief, " Finally! " Maine elbows Caboose in the head as he lands on his feet.

"Owie!" Caboose yelps.

Tucker groans, " Can we go now!?"

"Tucker, we're in a warehouse full of top secret experimental equipment," Simmons says. "Don't you at least want to have a peek?"

" First off, Bow chicka bow wow. Second, I over heard Argent and Win talking, and the ship we're staying on, no one is suppose to know it exists! I think that kind of beats a warehouse full of stuff!" Tucker argues.

"Oh yeah... Argent," Simmons looks at his feet.

Tucker tilts his head," What about her?"

"Wellâ€¦| Do you guys remember Reach? ...It was their home planet. They only recently found out about it, and Argent is in a bit of a depression."

" Oh..." Tucker say," Well maybe we can bring something back for each of them, to cheer them up!"

Simmons nods, "I think I've got an idea of what Avaline would want. You guys help find something for Argent."

" M'kay! Hey Caboose! Come here! I got a job for you!" Tucker yells and looks around for the Orange soldier.

...

Carolina waits as they land the pelican in the back hatch opens, and Wash, Griff, and Caboose step walk out." We got her." Wash announces, still covered in black stuff.

Carolina blinks, "...Wash, go get cleaned up."

" Yeah..." he quickly walks off while scratching at the weird stuff.

Church appears," So. What now?"

Carolina gives the black paralyzed soldier a dirty look. "Nowâ€¦| Now we see what we can do for her, and see if we can get her back working with us. Winchester showed me how much of a hard time she was giving all of you."

" Hard time?! She hit me in the balls! Not once, but three fucking times!" Griff exclaims.

" Which was hilarious. " Tucker adds.

Carolina turns to the Arbiter, "Thank you for your assistance, I arranged a ship for you to meet up with John 117. You'll be meeting up with Sgt. Johnson."

Carolina checks readouts on her helmet visor, "it should be ready in about an hour."

Arbiter nods," Very well."

Simmons clears his throat, " Wellâ€¦| We brought presents! Why don't you go ahead and call the dynamic duo in here?" Carolina shrugs, and calls in Winchester, and Argent on the radio. They arrive about 15 minutes later.

Winchester struts in with Argent close behind, " You called?"

Simmons nods, "We found some stuff at the warehouse that we thought you two might like. Argent, how are you feeling?"

Argent doesn't say anything, she just shrugs.

Winchester glances her way, then back at the others," What is it?"

Simmons clears his throat, "Well my present to youâ€¦| Let's just say I'm keeping a promise. Tucker, what did you and Caboose find for argent?"

Caboose steps forward," Well, we found a speedy thingy, that makes

you go super fast!" He holds out a small box to Argent.

Argent takes it, "What, you mean like Carolina?"

" Yeah...We had Griff test it out. Its totally safe." Caboose says

"I swear I lost 10 pounds of that run," Griff smiles just a little,

"so that's how Carolina stays in good shape"

" It can only be timed though... That's the down side...But hey, at least you got something!" Tucker says with a thumbs up.

She nods, and hugs them. "Thank you both" So how long does it work for?"

" About...Ten minutes? Is what we timed." Tucker says and hugs back.

She smiles wider, and says, "While you guys were out I was building Lopez a new body. Want to come see?"

" Sure!" Tucker shrugs, " Hey, where's Junior?"

" He's with Travis." Winchester responds.

Argent looks over her shoulder, and yells, "Lopez! Let everyone check you out!"

There is the whirring of heavy machinery, and the ground shakes slightly with heavy steps a giant robot walks in. It has double-jointed legs, and short arms. It's right arm is a mini gun, and it's left arm is five rocket launchers. A Mantis.

Argent smiles, "so Lopez, how's the new body fell?"

"(Like I could blow up the whole goddamn world with this thing.)" Lopez responds and stomps up to them. Argent giggles, and turns to the others, "So what do you think?"

Sarge comes in behind Lopez as Caboose says, "Yeah... I think he looks like an adorable puppy... I'm still confused though."

Sarge deadpans, "Caboose is confused... Stop the fucking presses."

"No," Caboose says. "There's something that's been confusing me for a while now, but I kept forgetting to bring it up."

" And what would that be Caboose?" Winchester raises a eyebrow.

"Well you two don't look anything like the blue Mean Lady, or the green guy but you call them your parents. Plus they don't act like parents so..."

Griff perks up, "Yeah, I wanna hear this Origin Story!"

Winchester glances at Argent and crosses her arms. Argent shrugs, "I don't see why not, but you may want to get comfortable, this could take a few chapters."

Tucker, Griff, and Caboose plop on the floor." We're all ears." Griff says.

End
file.